

The Elks

Magazine



MARCH, 1938

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IN these turbulent days of unrest and change we are undergoing a period of experimentation in government throughout the world which calls for intelligent thinking on the part of every one of us.

Following the Great War, there has existed a universal feeling of frustration, uncertainty, and insecurity.

The few remaining democracies, including our own, are ringed the world around by dictatorships whose theory of government is contrary to the ideals upon which our democracy was founded. Under these uncertain conditions, some there are who may be tempted to listen to false doctrines propounded by those who would have us believe that Communism, Nazism, and Fascism might prove to be a panacea for some of our economic ills. There is no truth in them. Only by analyzing these tendencies and proving them false and dangerous, can we protect ourselves and prevent the spread of such doctrines in this country.

It is the duty of every patriotic group, such as the Order of Elks, and the duty of every independent citizen to play a part in the preservation of our democratic institutions.

To do this we must maintain our strength and membership and continue our civic activities in every one of the 1400 communities in which our Lodges are located. As individuals, we are apt to get the notion that we can do little. Yet the truth is that every one of us is vitally important—so

vitally important that Elkdom is just what we as individuals of the rank and file make it.

It is in recognition of this that I direct my appeal to you, as individuals, to be men of action—to put action into Elkdom—to be *marching men* going forward together shoulder to shoulder.

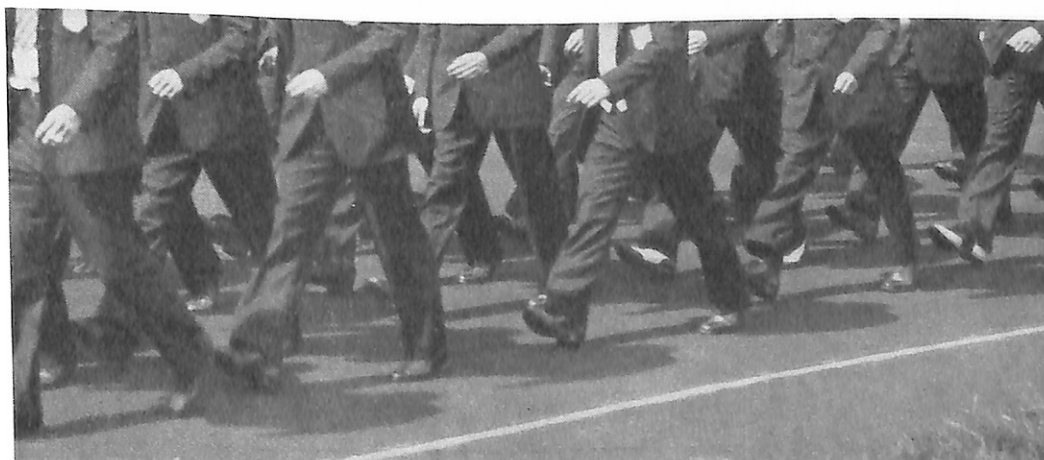
That means that every one of us must *march*; that none of us sit on the curb and watch the parade go by; that none of us shift our fair share of responsibility on to the shoulders of our Lodge officers and a scattered valiant few of the rank and file.

I am hopeful that through the concerted effort of our 1400 Lodges that we will have a definite increase in membership this year—the right kind of members. We still have the month of March during which to bring them in before the closing of our fiscal year.

We need young men—young men who will be trained to take our places and carry the torch of Elkdom to the end that our sons and daughters—and those who follow them—may continue to live in a nation whose form of government guarantees the liberty of speech, the liberty of action, and the liberty of worship—**MARCHING MEN**—500,000 STRONG.

Chas Spencer Hart

Grand Exalted Ruler.



Underwood and Underwood



The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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MARCH 1938

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The Elks Magazine, Volume 16, No. 10, March, 1938. Published monthly at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second class matter November 23, 1935, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dunellen, N. J. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year. For Canadian postage add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name and membership number; 2. Number of your Lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address; 5. Occupation or business. Please also notify your Lodge Secretary of change and allow four weeks' time. Address notice of change to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J., or the publication's executive offices, 50 East 12nd Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first-class mail. They will be handled with care, but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety.

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...wish I had
two mouths for
smokin' Velvet

*I'd smoke a pipe
and a cigarette both*



—the **MILDNESS**
of fine old
Kentucky Burley
aged in wood

—the **FLAVOR**
of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Draws right in both

*Better
smoking
tobacco*

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On to ATLANTIC CITY



for the Elks' 74th National Convention

"On to Atlantic City" is the slogan which will be uppermost in the minds of Elks from now until July.

Beginning July 10th, the Seventy-fourth Elks' National Convention will be held in surroundings of sunshine, salt air and varied recreation. Atlantic City has been long famed as a convention city. It has all natural advantages to offer Elks who attend, surf bathing, golf, horseback riding, sailing and excursions by automobile to nearby coast points. When last July at Denver, Atlantic City was named as this year's convention city, the decision was enthusiastically acclaimed.

Convention headquarters of the Grand Lodge will be located at the Traymore Hotel on Atlantic City's far-famed boardwalk.

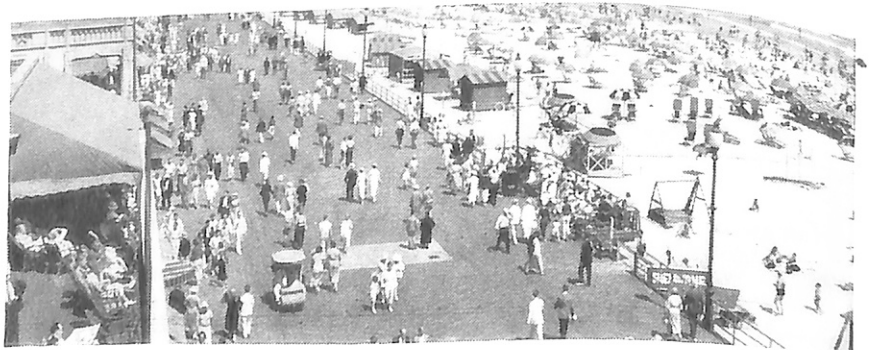
Already the Atlantic City Elks Re-

union Association is laying elaborate plans under the leadership of Harry Bacharach, former Mayor and General Chairman of the Association, and Albert H. Skean, the efficient Chairman of the Committee on Hotel Reservations. Business sessions will be held in the Atlantic City Convention Hall, which represents a fine combination of decorative architecture and practical utility. The building was completed in 1929 at a cost of \$15,000,000 and is located but a few minutes from the Traymore.

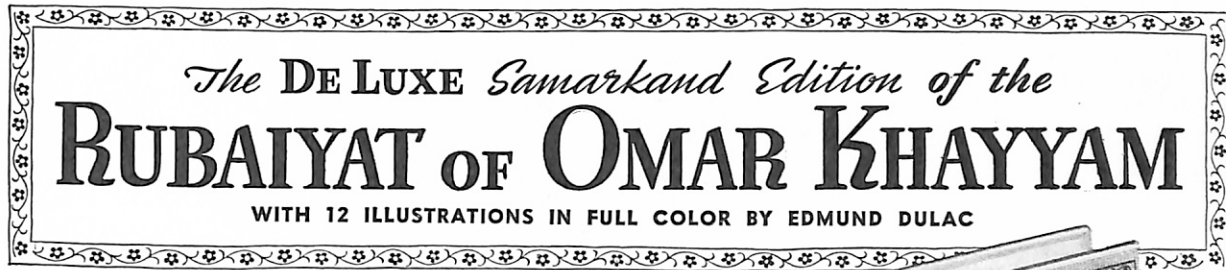
So let's EVERYONE begin thinking towards summer! Don't forget "ATLANTIC CITY, JULY 10TH-15TH." It will be the greatest convention ever!

July 10-15, 1938

The famous boardwalk and beach at the 1938 convention city



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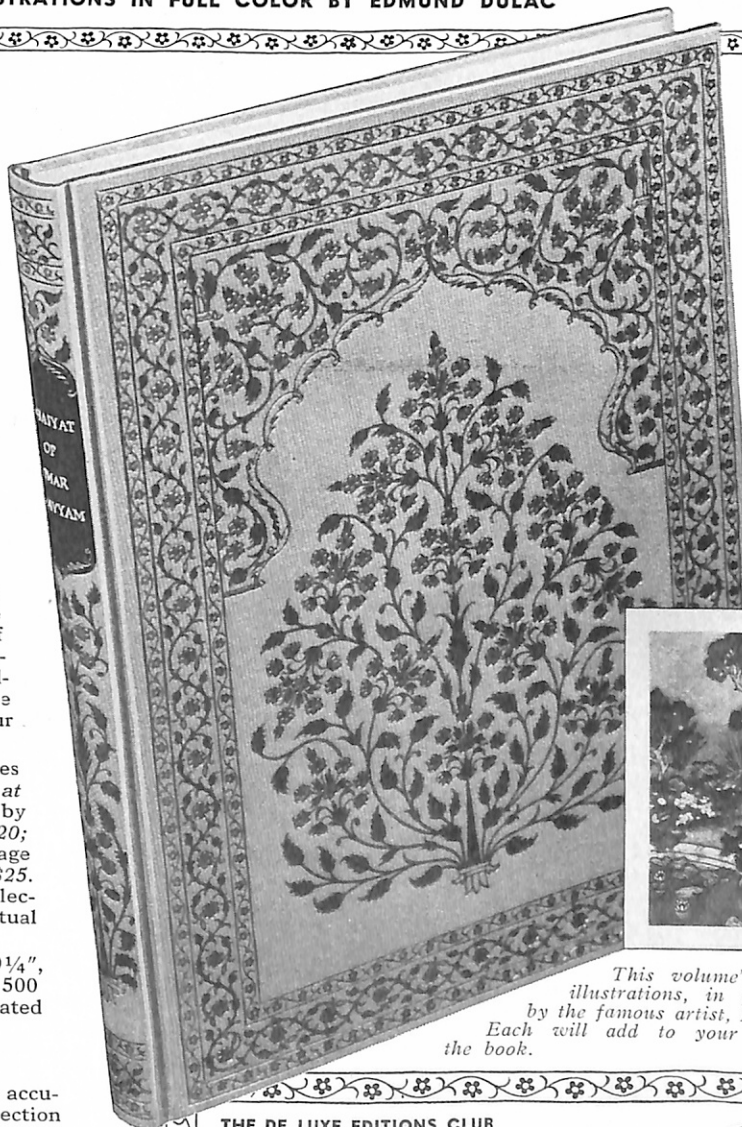
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LEELA HOLCOMB sat in Riverview Hospital, playing a game of checkers under Nancy Howell's direction and worrying about Toby Thomas.

Toby was the headline headache of International Broadcasting Company. He was responsible for more listeners and more trouble than all the other programs combined. He was either chartering a plane to fly a party to Miami for cocktails, or taking over a circus for the day so he could ride the elephants, or having new pianos sent up to his penthouse apartment three at a time because he liked to watch piano movers work. Most of his exploits got into the papers. He had curly hair, and grey eyes, and a voice millions loved, and a smile . . . well, he was like that, and Lee, efficient, level headed Leela Holcomb, head of the program department, had fallen for him . . . hard.

This morning he had failed to show up for rehearsal at all. Of course, there was another short rehearsal period just before his evening show, but John Howard, vice-president in charge of programs, was a little fed up with Toby's antics, and Lee was conscious of a nagging uneasiness. There would probably be an unpleasant session after Toby's broadcast, and. . .

"Move that man," ordered the childish voice. "No—move the one on the left, Lee. Then I can take both his kings, I think. See?"

Nancy continued to study the mirror over her head intently for a minute. Then she nodded.

"Yes. That's right. Go on, Lee. Move."

Leela, sitting with Dr. Walter Macy at a checkerboard placed so that it was reflected in the looking glass above the Iron Lung in which little Nancy was encased, moved the man. Dr. Macy jumped him, Lee took his kings, and the game was over. Nancy beamed into her mirror.

"I won," she announced.

"You certainly did," Dr. Macy admitted. "You're a darned good checker player, youngster. But I'll beat you yet."

Lee began to gather up the checkers and place them inside the folding board.

"I've got to get back to the studio. And it's nearly time for Nancy's supper. She has to be ready to listen to her dream singer at seven, you know."

Nancy laughed.

"Tonight I get to hear him on my new little radio that Lee brought me. I'd rather miss my supper than miss Toby Thomas. Don't you think he's wonderful, Dr. Macy?"

"Toby Thomas? He's all right, Nancy. He's a good crooner."

Lee stiffened. You could see that she was outraged.

"Where did you resurrect that word? Singers don't croon any more."

"He's got the most beautiful voice in the world," Nancy said indignantly. "Lee thinks so, too, don't you, Lee?"

"As assistant to the vice-president of International Broadcasting Company, it wouldn't be exactly discreet for Miss Holcomb to think otherwise."

"What's that mean?"

"He's their star performer, Nancy. She's got to stand up for him."

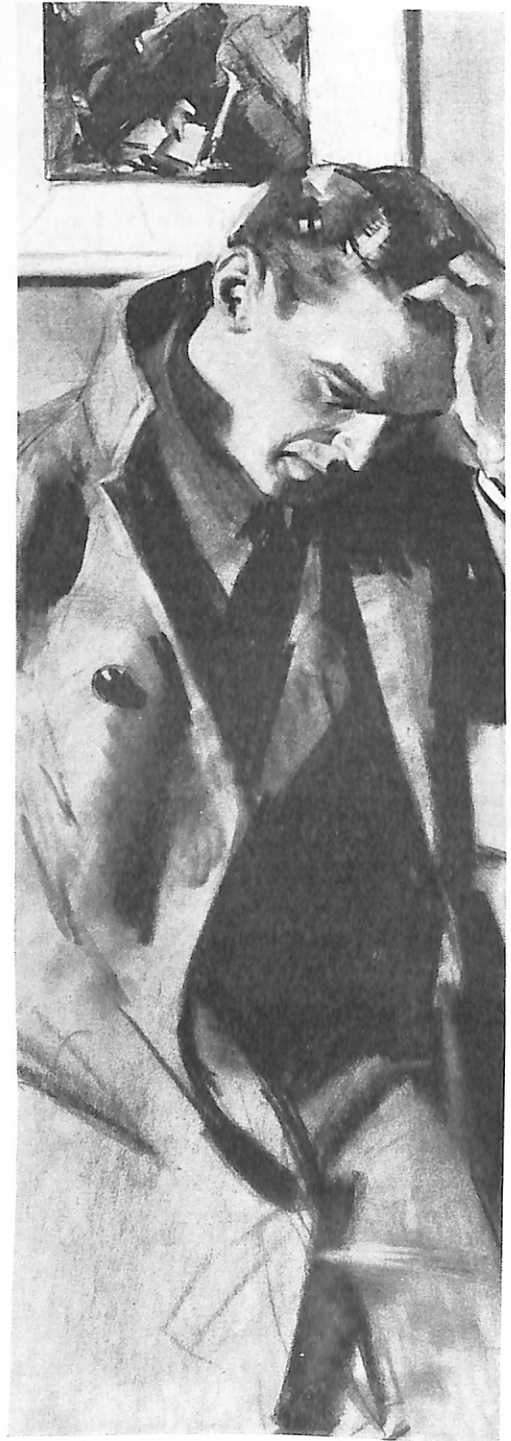
Lee laughed self-consciously.

"You're probably right, but I happen to really like Toby Thomas a lot."

Nancy's face in the mirror was radiant.

"Do you *know* him, Lee—really *know* him, to talk to . . . and everything?"

"Yes, of course. I know Toby Thomas—very well."



Public Playboy No. 1

By Ruth Adams Knight

Illustrated by
JOHN POLGREEN

"Oh, Lee." It was a sigh of ecstasy. "Please . . . tell me about him. Lee, come here."

Lee Holcomb walked to the side of the great iron contrivance and bent over it. Nancy lay flat on her back. Only her head emerged. Her pale little face with the tangle of curls which framed it on the pillow, was reflected in the mirror above, through which she watched what went on about her. The rest of her tiny body was swallowed up in the great machine which fulfilled for her the function her paralyzed lungs could not. Within the apparatus her breath came steadily, regularly. Removed from it, her breath fluttered, failed. The great machine meant for her the difference between life and death. And she had been in it for more than a year.

"Lee," she repeated. Her voice shook. "Tell me about Toby Thomas."

Lee laughed. "Why, baby, I didn't know it was a

serious affair. I think you'd better tell me all about it."

Nancy's eyes were big and dreamy.

"I love him."

Lee was bewildered.

"But, Nancy . . ."

"He sounds like my Daddy."

"Oh . . ."

"He sounds like he was singing . . . just for me. Every night, when he gets through he says, 'Good night', and I say 'Good night, Daddy'."

Lee felt the sting of sudden tears. Toby—gay, careless, irresponsible Toby—saying "Good night" with that funny little catch in his voice . . . and Nancy—Nancy sighed. "I wish it were time for him now."

"It will be—pretty soon."

"Is he young? I've got a picture of him and he looks young, but the night nurse says you can't always tell about radio stars. They fix up the pictures."

"He's about twenty-eight, I think."

"That's as old as my Daddy . . . twenty-eight. That isn't old at all, is it?"

Dr. Macy cleared his throat.

"No, Nancy, that's not old at all. Good night, sweet thing. I'll see you in the morning. And I hope Toby sings like an angel. I have the car, Miss Holcomb, and I'll be glad to drop you at the studio. I'll be in the chart room."

"I'll be right along. Good night, Nancy."

She bent to kiss the hot cheek.

"I'll send the nurse in, dear."

"Will you be here again tomorrow?"

"I'll come whenever I can, sweet. You know how busy I am, so if I don't get here, you will understand, won't you? And enjoy your radio."

"Oh, yes!"

"What would you like me to bring you next time?"

There was a long pause. Looking at the child's face, Lee Holcomb was startled at its expression of intensity. Nancy's voice was scarcely more than a whisper.

"Lee?"

"Yes, dear."

"You couldn't . . . ever . . . bring Toby . . . could you?"

Lee hesitated. She mustn't make a promise she couldn't keep. Toby hated hospitals.

Tonight she was begging for a child's life and the man she loved. John Howard heard her through. When at last she was silent he shook his head





He was responsible for more listeners and more trouble than all the other programs combined

He would say yes, of course. He would mean to come. But—he might always be busy—putting it off, making excuses . . . why, here she was now, worried to death for fear he wouldn't even get to the studio on time. And this lovely child . . . waiting . . . waiting. . .

She spoke slowly.

"I don't know, Nancy. Toby Thomas is a very busy person, as you can imagine. But—if you'll promise not to count on it too much . . . I'll try."

"Oh, Lee!"

It was almost a prayer. The tears on Lee's lashes made rainbows against the pitiless hospital lights as she went down the hall toward the chart room. Dr. Macy was studying the record with Nancy's name on it, and his face was grave.

"Doctor, is it a good thing to encourage her in this interest . . . in . . . Toby Thomas?"

"Any interest should be encouraged, when her hold on life is so slight."

"Slight? She's not any worse?"

"She's not . . . any . . . better. Sometimes it's hard to understand what keeps her alive at all."

Lee's lips quivered.

"I—I hadn't realized. Hasn't she any family, Dr. Macy? I never see any of them here."

"Her mother died when she was born. There's an aunt who comes sometimes . . . well meaning, but the flighty kind. She doesn't do much good."

"But what about her father? She talks about him, and . . ."

"I thought you knew. He was killed in an automobile accident . . . racing to get to Nancy when she was taken sick."

"Oh, how terrible. The poor baby."

"It was pretty grim. Nancy worshipped him. We didn't dare tell her about it for weeks. When we did, we almost lost her."

"Grief, you mean?"

"She just didn't want to get well, without her father. Courage and a desire to live are very important in these cases, you know."

"What was it that pulled her through?"

"Toby Thomas."

"Toby?"

"She thinks he sounds like her father and so she listens . . . gives her something to look forward to. Right now his daily programs are the one thing that keeps Nancy alive."

Lee felt herself grow faint. Nancy's life . . . to depend on Toby! Toby, who hadn't come in for his morning rehearsal—Toby—who couldn't be depended on . . . for anything.

They went down the walk. Lee got into the doctor's open roadster and he tucked the robe about her. He started the motor and turned into the Drive. Lee looked at her watch and panic seized her. She should have been back to make sure Toby had enough rehearsal time.

"I'm late," she said. "I shouldn't have left the studio. But I knew Nancy was expecting me. I couldn't bear to disappoint her."

"She seems to count on you. How long have you been coming?"

"Ever since I first met her—you remember—when we had that special hospital broadcast on the paralysis epidemic and you doctors told about Nancy and the Iron Lung."

Dr. Macy stopped for a red light.

"Well, Old Ironsides has certainly saved *her* life. Think you could get Thomas to go out and see her?"

Does he know about Toby, Lee wondered. Does everybody know? Playboy Toby, with his charm, and his weaknesses . . . and his unfailing habit of going on parties at the wrong minute. She sighed. What a hero for Nancy! For that matter, what a hero for Lee! Women would always fall for Toby, just as Nancy had. Just as Lee had fallen.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I wouldn't predict," she said. "The one certainty about Toby Thomas is his absolute uncertainty."

Dr. Macy stopped the car at the studio entrance and the doorman greeted Lee with a bow.

"No chance of your having dinner with me, I suppose," Dr. Macy asked.

Lee shook her head.

"I'll get no dinner. Milk toast when I get home at midnight, probably. There's a whole evening's work ahead with Mr. Howard . . . the first of my duties being to check on the said Toby Thomas broadcast."

"Toby needs checking." The tone was ominous.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"A couple of people I know saw him last night at El Morocco. He was in bad shape. The boy had better cut out his drinking, Lee. He's not the type to do it."

"I know. It—it worries us."

"I thought it might. Great responsibility, these public idols. Well, good night."

The roadster went on up the street and Lee walked through the lobby to the elevator. A page boy hurried after her.

"Mr. Howard has been trying to get in touch with you, Miss Holcomb. Will you call his office at once. It's an emergency."

Emergency. That could mean only one thing—Toby. Her secretary spoke as she opened the door.

"Miss Holcomb, Mr. Howard wants—"

"Yes, Marie. I know. Get him for me, will you?"

She took the receiver before she removed her hat and coat. John Howard's voice barked at her over the wire.

"Come in right away, will you, Lee?"

"What is it?"

"Thomas. . ."

It was Toby. . .

Last week John Howard had warned him. "What you do outside of studio time is none of my affair, Toby. But stop making a spectacle of yourself in night clubs and bars. Your public won't stand for it."

Toby was contritely holding his aching head, but he

was jubilant over having done a good program in spite of it. He had smiled his winning smile.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Howard. It was a big party last night . . . one of the fellows is going to be married and we got to celebrating. . . ."

"Yes. And last week your best friend sailed for Europe, and the week before you were fighting a cold."

"Well, I was. I—"

"Toby, get this. I don't care what in blazes you were doing. The point is that more and more frequently you come in late for your broadcast, especially the repeat shows."

"I know," said Toby, ruefully. "Late—and sometimes a little tight."

"It can't go on, Toby."

"I promise you, Mr. Howard—"

Howard had looked at him coldly.

"I'm not interested in your promises, Toby. We've had them before. We've got a lot of money invested in you, but we can't afford to go on taking chances."

"But it's Golden Bakeries who take the chances."

"Well, they're not going to take any more of them. Harry Golden of Golden Bakeries is one of my best friends. The next time you do a stunt like this I'm going to pull you off the air, and you won't go back, Toby."

"Weren't you pretty harsh with him?" Lee asked Howard afterward. "After all, Toby isn't dissipated, he's just irresponsible."

"He's just the playboy of the western world, coast to coast. Well, he isn't going to be that any more, not over our chain. Great guns, he's in the tabloids every week, Lee—one scrape after another . . . Did you see what Winchell's calling him now? Public Playboy No. 1!"

"That mix-up at the Stork Club wasn't his fault. . . ."

"It's never his fault—just his misfortune. But radio goes into the homes, Lee, or maybe you hadn't heard. We can't go on featuring a singer who's in hot water all the time."

"But we couldn't replace him."

"You can always replace them. There's a boy auditioned for us last week. What's his name—Bob Melvin—just opened in a new musical show. He's a dead ringer for Toby. We could build him up. . . ."

Lee's heart missed a beat.

"You—you wouldn't—"

"You think I wouldn't. One more fancy performance out of Toby Thomas. . . ."

Lee had told Toby—was it only last night?—trying to keep her voice from sounding pleading or anxious.

"Toby, he means it, truly he does."

"He's been saying it for years."

"I know. But this time it's true."

"I don't drink much, Lee."

"I know you don't. But when you drink only a little you do such silly things."

"It's all because I'm so damned unhappy, Lee. If you'd only—"

"Toby, this is a matter of business!"

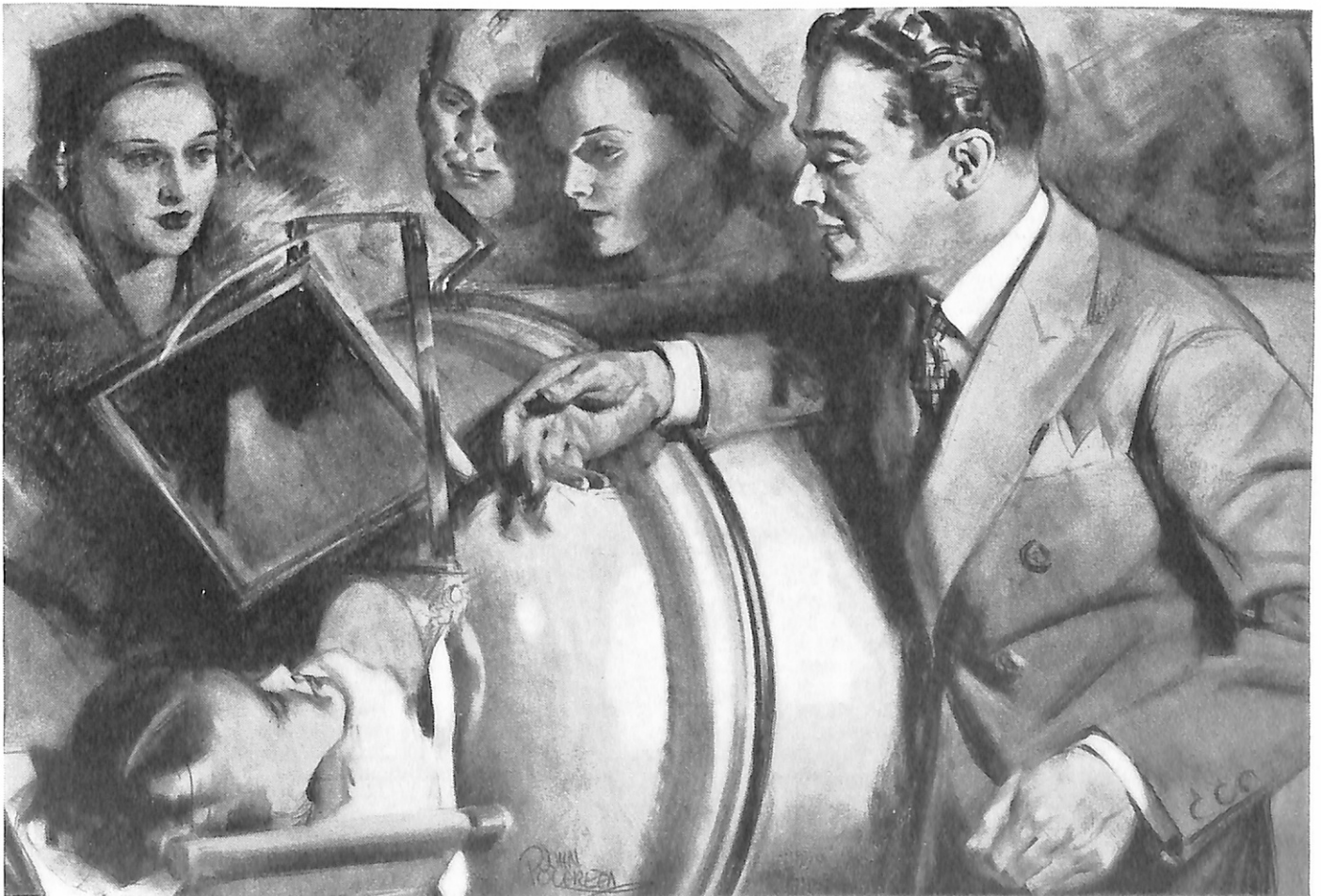
"Business! So, just because I sing over the radio for my living, I'm to have no personal liberty. I'm to be reformed by the Right Reverend John Howard, vice-president of International Broadcasting Company in charge of programs. I'm to ask permission to stay up at night. I'm to drink milk. I'm to stay out of night clubs. . . ."

"Don't be stupid. John Howard isn't important. It's you who count."

"I count—with you?"

"Of course, with me."

"Lee—if I did—if you've (Continued on page 42)



Nancy gazed blissfully up into the face of her idol as he bent over her and sang

The Crime Problem

By
J. Edgar Hoover

*Specially written for
The Elks Magazine
by the Director of the
Federal Bureau of
Investigation*



J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, United States Department of Justice

THE American people are today confronted with many difficult matters, not the least of which is our crime problem. And all too often as we struggle with our complex everyday life, we pay scant heed to the searing inroads of that tremendous horde that is overrunning our country—the 4,300,000 individuals engaged in criminal activity in the United States. We are apathetic toward the 13,000 yearly cases of murder and manslaughter; to the 47,500 aggravated assaults committed yearly; to the six robberies committed every hour of the day and night; to the burglary occurring every two minutes; to the larceny committed every 44 seconds within the confines of our Nation. The true picture of present-day crime in America is appalling, and our right-thinking citizens must be jolted into action to stem the tide. Crime costs us approximately \$15,000,000,000 each year, \$120 per person, and that staggering total dwindles into inconsequence when we think of the suffering and anguish of those 700,000 mothers bringing up their youngsters with high hopes, only to see them fall victims to that deadly monster of crime, and the millions of warped and distorted lives of those who come within the pale of the depredations of the lawless.

It is obvious that the controlling and conquering of such a vast criminal army is not the work of a day or a year and can only be adequately handled by a unity of action, not only between law enforcement agencies, but also by the active assistance of every decent citizen in America. The most effective weapon at hand for immediate use in combating this menace is sure detection and apprehension, followed by swift and adequate prosecution and sentence. Time and the experience of many

of those engaged for years in the handling of the criminal element have proven beyond a doubt that these are the most effective deterrents of crime. A recent survey of the Federal Bureau of Investigation indicates a definite relationship between police personnel and crime rates. The mere presence of a police officer has a most deterring effect on crime. Those cities with the better-manned police units have distinctly lower crime rates for serious offenses.

The 40,000 local police units form our first line of defense since detection and apprehension are necessary before the machinery of criminal justice can function. The pressure of this burden on law enforcement can be better understood when we realize that there were nearly 1,500,000 serious offenses committed in the United States last year, not to mention the 14,000,000 lesser crimes committed.

THE crime of bank robbery, one of our more serious offenses, offers a striking example of what swift detection, apprehension and prosecution will do toward lessening the pressure of this burden on law enforcement. Prior to the passage of the Federal Bank Robbery Act in 1934, organized gangs were pillaging the banks of our country with alarming frequency and success. Then mobility and swiftness made it practically impossible for local authorities to deal with them. It was this type of crime that financed the careers of Dillinger, "Baby Face" Nelson, and other vermin of that type, enabling them to buy protection and immunity from the law. However, when this crime came within the jurisdiction of the FBI, the forces of law and order

were united against these robbers and there was a very sharp decrease in the number of bank robberies, thereby reducing bank robbery insurance rates in many States by approximately 20 percent

Likewise, that heinous wave of kidnappings that rolled over our Nation several years ago was stopped in its tracks by the swift apprehension and punishment of the Barker-Karpis gang, "Machine Gun" Kelly and the rest of that motley group that preyed on the American public in such a dastardly manner. Since the passing of the Federal Kidnaping Statute in 1932, the FBI has participated in the investigation of 114 cases involving actual kidnappings, as a result of which 255 persons have been convicted and sentenced to a total of 3217 years imprisonment, including 44 life sentences and 6 sentenced to death. Such are the possibilities for reduction in our crime where vigorous and scientific detection, apprehension and prosecution are present.

OUR problem today is a complex one, no longer local in character. The modern criminal is thoroughly equipped for his activities and seldom remains long at the scene of his depredation. And, likewise, his raids on society are no longer confined to any given locality, but extend far across State boundaries. To cope with this situation, the forces of law enforcement must also become mobile, elastic, able to follow the perpetrators of crime to their hiding place, however remote. Cooperation is fundamental and indispensable to this development. On several occasions in the past, suggestions have been made toward the founding of a National Police Unit. This is not the answer to the difficulty. The local police unit is society's bulwark against crime and on this foundation we must build a system of cooperation and support of each other that will unite our agencies as one in the fight on crime.

Paramount in our efforts to develop sure and swift detection and apprehension stands fingerprint identification. Prior to the development of fingerprints as a means of identification, law enforcement was seldom sure that the real culprit was in custody. Criminals with long records behind them slipped glibly before the courts

as "first offenders" due to the fact that no centralized record of their past performances was available. The Identification Unit of the FBI has revised this situation extensively. With the wholehearted and enthusiastic support and cooperation of a vast number of our law enforcement agencies, a tremendous bureau of identification has been built at Washington, a monument to cooperation and its possibilities. At present, over 8,000,000 prints have been received from law enforcement agencies at the rate of 5,000 a day and have been filed in this unit, a positive and permanent record of the individuals apprehended. Over 54 percent of all those whose fingerprints come to the Bureau have prior criminal records, and the agency forwarding the fingerprint card is promptly advised of this record. The Identification Division of the FBI also locates approximately 6200 fugitives yearly for law enforcement units. The Sheriff or Chief of Police need merely request that a "wanted" notice be placed in the file on an individual with a record there, and should that wanted outlaw be arrested elsewhere and his prints be forwarded to Washington, the agency wanting him would be immediately notified of his whereabouts.

AS an adjunct to the criminal fingerprint file, the FBI maintains a Civil Fingerprint Section in which are recorded the fingerprints of those citizens of our country who wish to have a permanent record of their identity in the event disaster makes recognition impossible. These fingerprints are voluntarily submitted by citizens through their local law enforcement agencies.

The success of this cooperative venture has led to the establishment at the FBI of other files designed to assist in crime detection. The National Stolen Property File covering identifying data on stolen goods, a General Appearance File on confidence men, and a File for Fraudulent Checks all have definite uses, and as their size increases they will become more and more valuable.

And then, in the field of investigation, the FBI stands shoulder to shoulder with local agencies, assisting in every way possible the swift apprehension of their fugitives. In more serious crimes, where it has been



G-Men at practice, riddling a house with tracer bullets

A laboratory technician analyzing stains found on an envelope in the F. B. I. Technical Laboratory

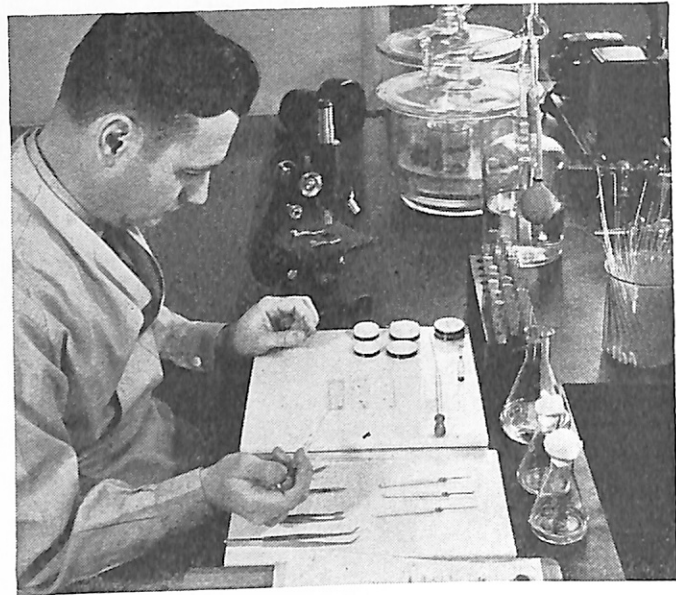
established that the culprit has fled interstate to avoid prosecution or testifying, this Bureau has investigative jurisdiction to locate and return the local fugitive for prosecution. An outstanding example of this type of assistance is a recent case in West Virginia in which Birdie Lee Wiggin and Fred Lee Johnson were being sought for murder by Mercer County authorities. When it became evident that they had fled interstate, the FBI instituted investigation and within three weeks located Birdie Lee Wiggin in Cleveland, Ohio. At the same time it was ascertained that Fred Lee Johnson had been incarcerated in a Georgia jail under a different name for larceny, but since he did not have a prior criminal record on file in Washington, he had not been identified. Both were promptly returned to West Virginia to face murder charges. Johnson, on a guilty plea, was sentenced to life imprisonment, while Birdie Lee Wiggin is now awaiting trial. This case also illustrates the value of fingerprinting all those arrested. Had Johnson been arrested and fingerprinted before, his arrest in Georgia would have quickly revealed his whereabouts to West Virginia authorities.

A racket which has long been the bane of local officials, the "Confidence Game", has also been greatly curtailed since the transportation of stolen property interstate which is valued at \$5000 or more became a Federal offense. "Con men" as well as impersonators by nature and necessity are of the roving type, seeking their victims at resorts, racetracks, and aboard steamers. Close cooperation of local and Federal law enforcement agencies has resulted in the segregating and labeling of these high-powered thieves so that the field of their operation has been greatly curtailed.

THE training of law enforcement officials is yet another integral cog in the machine by which we seek decisive action in the arrest and conviction of the criminal. Only a very few years ago the police officer was handed a night-stick and perhaps a gun, assigned a beat, and he was a functioning officer. This officer developed by experience, slowly, painfully, and all too often his untrained efforts resulted in tragedy. There is no place in law enforcement today for such methods. To cope with our modern law-breaker, the officer must be trained in the modern methods of criminal warfare. He must know evidence so that when he brings the outlaw arrested to the bar of justice, the evidence will point unerringly to the guilt of the criminal. Great strides have been made in this field, and many of our local agencies have instituted schools for the instruction of their men. Special Agents of the FBI receive fourteen weeks of intensive training before actively engaging in investigation so that they may be better able to deal with the modern problems of law enforcement. In addition to this, all Special Agents are returned to Washington at frequent intervals that they may be kept informed of the rapid development in the science of crime detection.

Our FBI National Police Academy was founded in 1935 further to assist in the development of strong, modern law enforcement units in every section of the country. Representatives of local agencies scattered over the Nation come to this school where they are developed as instructors so that they in turn may go back to their own department and further the development of personnel. An intensive three-months' course is furnished free of charge, and any local agency may send an application through its commanding officer. As the police personnel of our local departments becomes better equipped more intelligently to investigate the crimes of their locality, the detection, apprehension and prosecution of criminals will become surer and swifter, and the crime problem will be lessened.

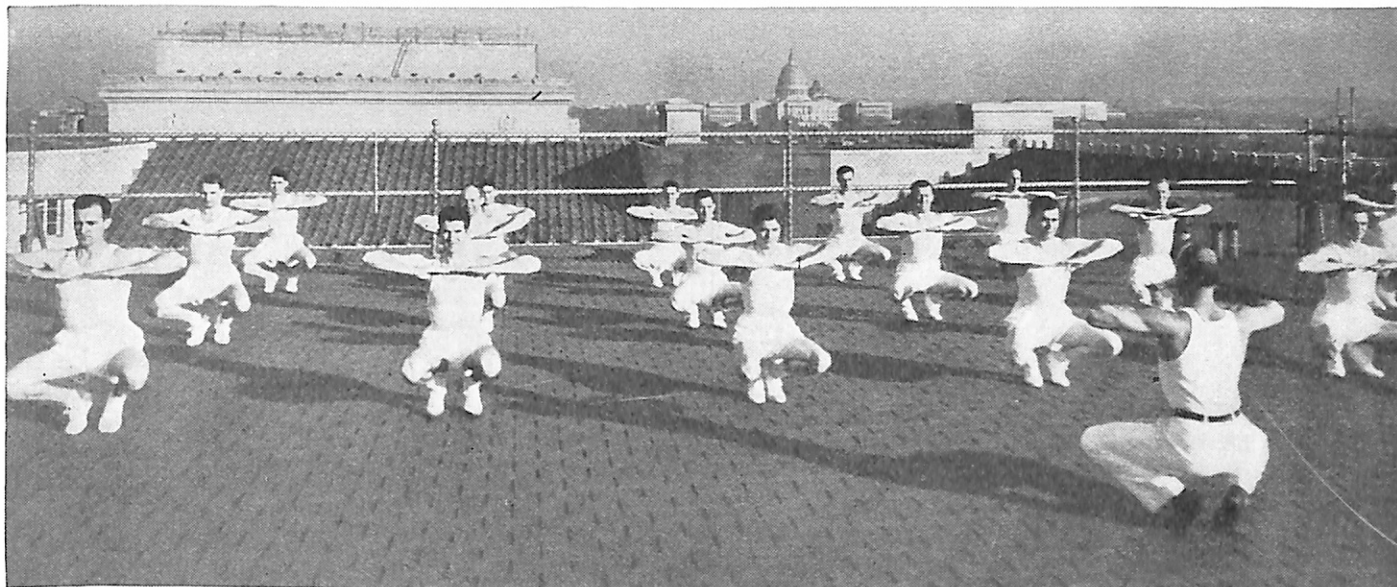
Science in the field of criminology, though in its infancy, is a modern bulwark on which successful criminal investigation is leaning more and more. The Technical



Laboratory of the FBI, the largest criminal laboratory in the world, stands ready to serve local departments at all times. Examinations are conducted daily for local officials, and in the laboratory are files containing over 1800 different kinds of ammunition, 2000 tire treads, 700 typewriter standards, 36,000 water-marks and 1200 various specimens of fibres—all constantly used in the comparison and identification of suspected evidence. Our experts will testify in State courts in cases of major importance whenever possible and without charge to the State in a further effort to assist our first line of defense, the local unit.

We come now to another phase of our crime problem and indeed an important one—crime prevention. Our modern youth forms the backbone of the enemy; 18 percent of our criminal army consists of youngsters under voting age. They were responsible during the first nine months of 1937 for 13 percent of our murders, 28 percent of our robberies, 41 percent of our burglaries, and 51 percent of the automobile thefts. Clearly this indicates basic defects in our system. These boys and girls did not turn to crime for crime's sake. The blame must be laid at the door of American homes that pay scant heed to the doings of youth. No discipline, no respect for law and order, no guidance through the rocky course of youth—these are the causes for the awesome position of youth in modern crime. The profession of law enforcement can and is doing much toward the alleviation of this condition, but the ultimate solution is in the hands of our American parents. Let our youth be guided in their daily lives by the good example of their parents, strictly disciplined when they stray, taught respect for the majesty of the law, taught the folly and horror of crime, and the crime problem in America will wither and shrink. The criminal army that draws its recruits from misguided youth cannot survive where the course of supply is turned into an active, enthusiastic enemy, on the side of law and order.

THE fight against crime will be futile without the aid and active cooperation of those who constitute the great body of public opinion. No organization, however eager and energetic, can succeed unless it is backed by our citizenry. The home, the church, the school, the outstanding civic and fraternal organizations of each community must be united in a common purpose. Apathy and indifference, submission to the dominance of criminal influences will not correct existing conditions. The daily outrages perpetrated by crime on our communities cannot be eradicated by inactivity and passive tolerance. There is only one way to fight—get up front and do something. The Elks of the country can play a dominant part in the suppression of crime.



Above: Physical instruction includes calisthenics in the training school of the F. B. I. in Washington

Right: A portion of the Fingerprint Files Section of the Identification Division, where the finger impressions of criminals are classified and compared

Our courts today are overrun with sharp and cunning criminals often aided and abetted by lawyer criminals, framing alibis, creating witnesses, so that justice may be defeated and the outlaw again released to prey on our citizenry. It is time for your organization and other great civic and fraternal groups to take an active and militant part in driving from our midst the professional witness, the shyster lawyer, the unethical bondsman and the wardheel politician—all of whom combine to gain the freedom of those who should be removed from society. Civic and fraternal organizations must take the lead in focusing the spotlight of public inquiry on the administration of their local law enforcement. They must see that their local department is not shackled by political pressure; that it is adequately manned and equipped; that the personnel is carefully, *not politically*, chosen and trained so that it may function efficiently; that personal connections are removed from the picture and promotion made on merit alone, and that those responsible for the safety and (Continued on page 51)



Practice in the use of the pistol by special agents of the F. B. I., on the range at Quantico, Virginia



Interview

By Norman Stanley Bortner

Illustrated by
GEORGE HOWE

AS I walked into Frank Gaines' tawdry living room I was struck at once with its silence in spite of the number of people it held. In a room like that—and with a crowd like that—you'd expect hubbub and din and general rowdiness, but there it was—so hushed you could hear the man in the kitchen clinking bottles. I looked around to make sure I was in the right place, and then sat down to figure it out.

Helen Minot was there, dressed in a flashy dark dress I hadn't seen before. I caught her eye and wig-wagged her to come over, but she wouldn't come. She shook her head and took a sip from her glass.

Somebody whispered, "He ain't here yet, Bert, and you better get out of that chair. He always liked to sit in that one."

I looked around. It was Bam Weeks. He was paler than usual, and was grinning at me nervously. "Just a tip," he said. "See?"

"Oh, sure, I see." I got up and stood against the wall. All the other chairs were taken. "And why the funeral? Who's dead?"

Bam didn't see the joke. He swallowed hard and shuffled from one foot to the other. His little pig eyes looked up at me once, quickly, and down to the floor again. Something, then, gave me the idea that he was desperately afraid and trying not to show it.

That was the answer to the whole thing. Everybody was afraid. Everybody, that is, except Helen Minot and myself. And I wasn't so sure about her. She was a great one, I knew from past experience, to hide her feelings. She could be scared to death and still roll those brown eyes of hers and flash her white teeth in a smile. As a newspaper woman she would have made a damned good actress.

Of course, she wouldn't have been afraid the same way the others were. Frank Gaines didn't have a thing against her. It was only being here with people he had plenty against that might have made her nervous. If Frank was out to even up things, it wasn't going to be very pleasant.

I reached for a drink myself. It wasn't that I needed it to brace me up, or anything like that, but I was glad it was handy. I was beginning to get the drift. Nobody but Frank himself would have gotten this bunch together in his apartment. He must have wired ahead to Maury Spatz. And wiring ahead meant that it was going to be important, whatever it proved to be.

But what could be important enough to make him call Bill Meyer and Cass Willsey and the rest? From what I knew about the various gangs in and around the city—and I've learned plenty I haven't written about—every man here represented, in person, the top of his own bunch of toughs. You see, things aren't like they used to be. Back in the twenties it was a case of organization and mutual cooperation, to a certain extent. But after repeal came in and the Department of Justice



We had hardly turned about to watch the door before it opened and a bloody hand holding a smoking automatic came through. Above it was a face

got most of the top crust—that was where Frank Gaines ran into trouble—the rackets fell to pieces, and the pieces became small gangs of chiselers and policy men, each gang taking a district and making sure—dead sure—the others stayed out.

And now Frank Gaines, former overlord and heavy-handed master of the muscle-men, was coming back. Coming back after five years at Atlanta and Alcatraz. Five years (it makes me laugh) for some money he forgot to hide from the income tax boys, when he probably had the lives of a dozen times five men on his hands.

Frank Gaines, Big Shot, was coming back with some important business on his mind, and here was a collection of bruisers who didn't want him back but were afraid to stay away when he told them to report. And who were still afraid now they were here.

I sipped my drink and wondered how many of the people in the room would rather have paid a thousand dollars than to be present. Bam Weeks, for one, and yet he had come and was standing beside me in a dither.

Where Helen Minot and myself came into the picture was the puzzle. The two of us were just ordinary, run-of-the-mill space-fillers. And, especially, how Helen got the call on this particular job was more than I could figure, unless her editor thought he was going to get a column of sob-stuff—repentance and turn-over-a-new-leaf and all that. If he did, he didn't know Frank



Gaines. He didn't know Frank Gaines at all. But why did Frank want reporters anyhow? That was the funny thing.

Maury Spatz was down at the end of the room, watching the door. I walked down to him, carrying my glass.

"How do, Maury. Thanks for the invitation up here. I suppose Frank told you to ask me?"

Maury nodded glumly.

"But why didn't you say it was going to be a séance? Thought it was a welcome-back affair."

Maury didn't laugh any more than Bam Weeks had. He was too busy keeping his eyes on the door.

"Listen, Bert," he said. Maury always did talk through the side of his mouth. "It's no use askin' me any questions. You know as much as I do. All I know is he wanted you here and somebody else from one of the other papers. Y'ought to feel honored, because none of the rest of the reporters were allowed in."

"I do feel honored, Maury. See, I'm all puffed up about it. But that doesn't tell me what's up. If he's reorganizing, why would he want the papers in on it?"

"He wouldn't, so he's not reorganizin', I guess."

"And if he's not, why did he get Meyer and Willsey and the others here? It isn't exactly what you'd call a congenial bunch, you know." We were talking in whispers, a little away from all the rest.

"I know. All I hope is that Frank gets here before somebody cuts loose at somebody else. I told the Jap

to keep feedin' them drinks. Weak ones. To keep their minds occupied."

I went over to where Helen Minot sat.

"Just thought of a good headline for you," I said. "'Former Gang Leader In Tears'. Then you could say, 'After Five Years In Prison, Reaches Home To Begin Anew'. How's that?"

"It's pretty good, coming from you," she said. "Then I could start off something like this, 'Pale and drawn, and obviously affected by his first sight of New York since he was sent down the river, Frank Gaines, a sadder and wiser man, today reached his apartment following his release from Alcatraz and announced his intention to join the Boy Scouts'. Or what do you think?"

"All I know is what I read in the papers," I said, "and so far I haven't read where he's sprouted wings."

"Matter of fact," she said, reaching for another of Maury's weak ones, "it looks fishy to me."

"Well, well," I said. "How you do catch on. Bet you were first seat, first row in grammar school, or did you just start being bright?"

"None of your sass," she said. "Know why I'm here?"

"Yes," I said. "Maury Spatz called up your editor and told him there'd be a story here and to send out a reporter. But instead, he sends you."

"For that," she said, "you don't get the date you've been trying to make with me."

"Aw," I said, "I'm only kidding—"

Maury Spatz made a funny sound just then and we kept quiet. I hadn't heard anything, but Maury's ears are like a cat's. The door sprang open and in came Frank Gaines, backed up by two chaps I didn't know. Hard, these two were, but not the kind of hardness you usually saw. Hard, I mean, with something behind it—something besides bravado. Not hopheads, but clever mugs.

Frank looked pretty much the same as ever. Would have made a good halfback in his younger days, and five years in stir hadn't done him much harm, to look at him. That was my first thought. But then I saw his eyes and changed my mind. I used to see a good deal of Frank in the old days—oh, only in line with my work—and now I saw he was a different fellow. But I didn't know how different.

Maury Spatz said, "Hello, Frank. Glad to see you."

"Hi, Maury. Hi, boys. Meet two friends of mine. Good friends. Tony and Gus Donatelli. Brothers, they are." He let his eyes roam around the room and seemed to grin much too seriously. "Maury, introduce the bunch to Tony and Gus, will you?"

Maury spoke the names while Frank moved toward Helen and me.

"Hello, Bert," he said. "Who's this?"

"Miss Minot, Frank, from the *Transcript*." Helen sat up straighter and murmured something. Frank paid not the slightest attention to what she had said. He lit a cigarette and looked at me.

"Can she keep her mouth shut, Bert?"

"I think she sleeps that way," I said, "but I can't answer for the rest of the time." But I gave him a nod that satisfied him. He picked up a drink, disposed of it in the best possible manner, and took the center of the floor.

"All right," he said. "Now we know each other, so let's get to business." He looked around the room again and smiled in a way I didn't like. "I see you got them all here, Maury. Couldn't stay away, could they? Sure, they couldn't. They know their master's voice." He cocked his head to one side, just like the dog in the ad we used to see. "Well, the master's back, boys. He's been away a good, long time, but now he's here and you'll have to stop playing."

I noticed that the Donatelli boys had separated and were standing in opposite corners, where they could rake the room if they had to. And they were ready to rake at a wrong move. Helen Minot looked up at me and breathed too fast.

"You've all had a mighty good time, haven't you? I've been hearing about you, out there. I got my reports just the same. But I didn't interfere with you at all, did I? No, I just let you play. But it's all over, now. I hope you didn't get any funny ideas about keeping on after I came back because you're not. See?"

Cass Willsey, I think, saw too well, but brother Tony, from his corner, kept him quiet by grinning at him.

"Yes, boys," Frank went on, "vacation's over. From now on you start back to school, under new rules." He sat down in the chair I'd vacated by advice and heaved a long sigh that might have been comfort and might have been good acting, to show his contempt of them all. I chose the second 'might'.

"Of course, now," he said, "I'm not going to interfere too much. You can keep on playing the way you've been doing, but I just wanted to let you know what my salary's going to be. . . . I took five years' rap for you and this is the pay-off. If I'd squealed you'd have been in there with me, every one of you. But I didn't squeal. I took it by myself, and what thanks do I get? You don't even send me a card on Christmas. You don't even remember my birthday. So it's going to cost you each twenty-five grand. Twenty-five from you and you and you." Around the room his finger went, skipping Maury and Helen and the Donatelli boys and myself.

I didn't think Cass Willsey would take that lying down. Cass has a tongue as sharp as his nose, which is saying a good deal. His voice slithered across the room, "And if we don't?"



And Bill Meyer, dark and ugly, repeated it, "And if we don't?"

Frank looked first at one and then at the other—and laughed out loud. A good, hearty laugh, pointed straight at the ceiling. The Donatelli boys laughed, too. I didn't see the joke.

Then Frank hauled a thick envelope from his pocket and threw it into my lap. I was sitting on the arm of the sofa, next to Helen.

"If you don't," he said, "our friend Bert will see to it that you all get your five years or more in the Big House. The tax boys would like to have a look at what's in that envelope. They're the records I kept before I quit the business. They show just how much gravy I handed out when things were going good. Get the idea?"

They all seemed to get it without any difficulty. There wasn't any comeback, but Cass Willsey drew in his nostrils—quite a trick, by the way—and let his thin lips get thinner.

"But," said Frank, and stopped. He was a good showman. He let them think over that word. . . . "But, I'm

sure you won't object to Bert keeping the dope, will you? Bert's a good fellow, and I guess we can depend on him to keep that stuff tucked out of sight unless I give him the word, or unless, just by chance, something should happen to me."

What could I say? I let the envelope rest where it had landed. It was getting heavier by the minute.

"And both Bert and the young lady will see to it, I'm sure, that your names are listed in the papers as particular friends of mine who welcomed me back. Then there won't be any chance of a mix-up, will there? . . . No, I don't think so." He lit another cigarette from the stub of the first, very calmly. "And, of course, boys, Bert, like a bright young man, will put the envelope in his office safe and let his editor know he's to hand it over to Washington in case Bert doesn't come in some morning. So you boys had better take care of Bert. Sort of help him over curbstones and see that he doesn't get lost anywhere."

I felt a drop of perspiration roll from my left arm-pit down to the elbow, and that envelope weighed a ton.

"Judas, Frank. What a helluva spot to put me in!"

He looked over and grinned. "No spot at all. You'll be as safe as at church. None of my friends here would harm you for the world. Why, they'll treat you like a brother, Bert. Just like a brother."

Somehow I thought of Cain and Abel. They were brothers, too.

"Anyway, Bert," Frank continued, "you're in it now and you can't get out, even if you wanted to. And there'll be a few gees for you, after the boys start kicking in. You can split with the lady any way you like."

I had forgotten Helen for the moment, but now I looked at her and she stared back. I couldn't tell whether she was scared to death or having a good time. My hide meant very little to her, I suspected.

The envelope went into my pocket and my hat went on my head.

"O. K., Frank," I said. "You're the doctor. Nothing else on your mind?"

"That's enough, isn't it? You two better beat it right back to your office. Tony and Gus and I will sort of entertain the boys here until you let me know the dope's in a safe place. Call me as soon as you can,

will you?" He wasn't asking; he was telling.

"Sure, Frank. . . . But before we go, I think the lady has some questions she wants to ask you."

"Idiot," breathed Helen.

"What questions, miss?" asked Frank, politely.

Helen shook her head. I said, "Believe she wanted to know if you were going to join the Boy Scouts, now that you're home." Frank saw my wink.

"Next week," he said.

"What do you think of California hospitality?"

"Oh, swell. Make you right at home."

"Any plans for the future?"

"Just a good, long rest, curled up with a book somewhere."

"And then?"

"Then—well, just quote me as saying that I'll be in town for a while, keeping in touch with my many friends."

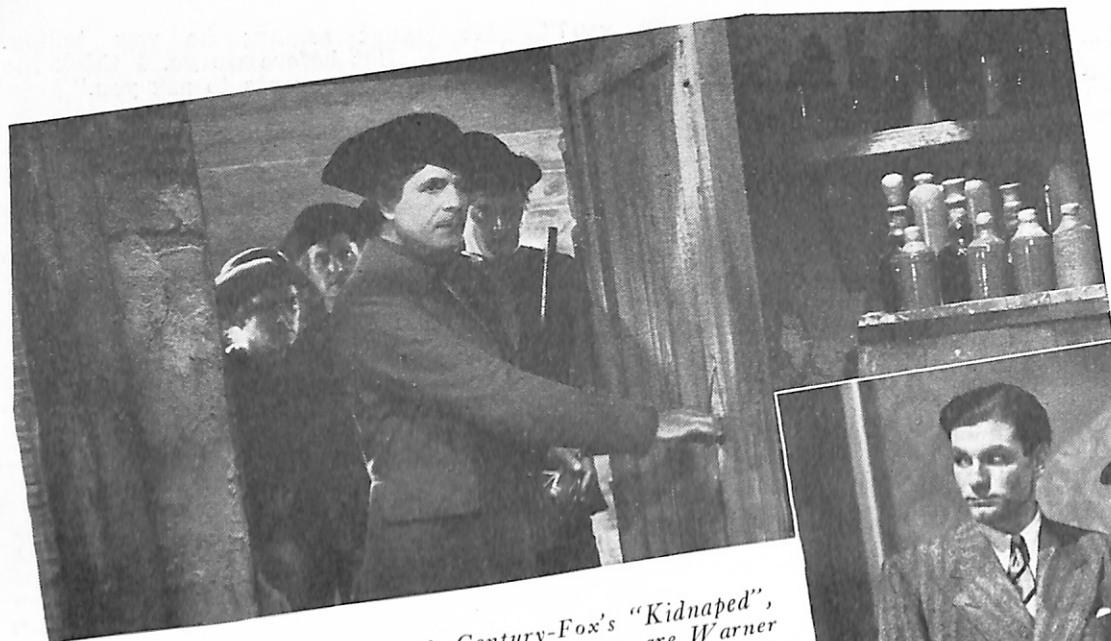
"There you are, Helen. Anything more?"

"Beast!"

"I'll ring you in a little while, Frank. Come on, sob sister, let's get going." (Continued on page 45)

Helen said, "Did you kill him?"
"No," I said. "Or at least I don't think so."

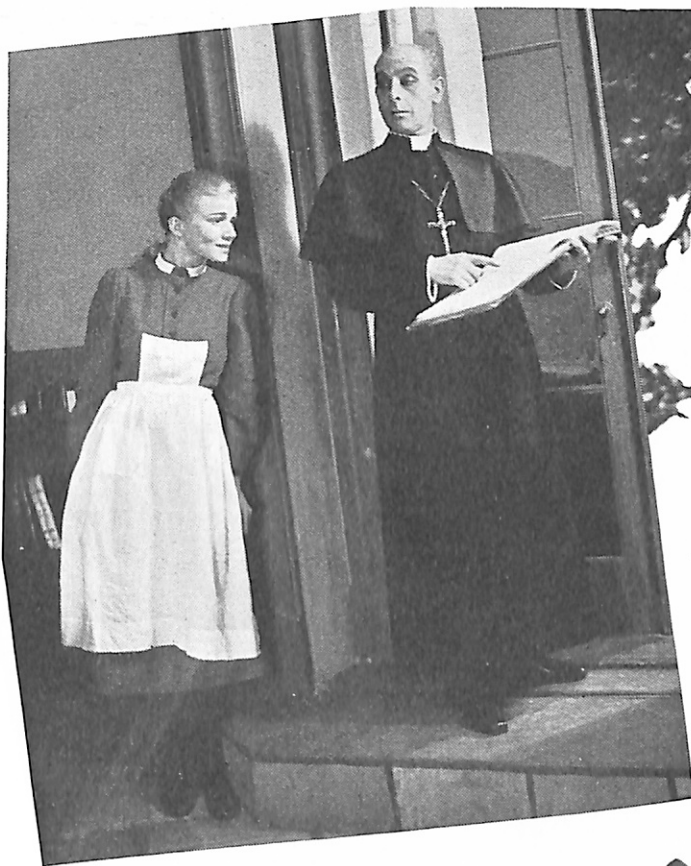




Above in a scene from Twentieth Century-Fox's "Kidnaped", from the famous story by Robert Louis Stevenson, are Warner Baxter and several members of the cast. The film promises to be one of the most exciting adventure yarns ever put on the screen. Freddie Bartholmew, the little English actor, has the role of the kidnaped boy whose adventures have become a classic of the English language. Right: Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier in "The Divorce of Lady X", a film which concerns itself with marriage and morals in the British Isles. Mr. Olivier plays a divorce lawyer whose lawsuits Miss Oberon effectively manages to gum up before landing him for herself.



Above: Warner Brothers, pleased with its success over "Kid Galahad", rushes Wayne Morris into celluloid again with "Love, Honor and Behave" in which Dick Foran also has a prominent part. Mr. Morris is a vigorous and forthright young actor who puts conviction into any part he plays. In "Love, Honor and Behave" he abandons prize-fighting for more conventional careers. Left: Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy continue their series of costumed love songs with "The Girl of the Golden West", which takes the usual course of Miss MacDonald's and Mr. Eddy's films. Miss MacDonald gets Mr. Eddy after they both sing a lot of songs.



At top: Julie Haydon and Sir Cedric Hardwicke in a scene from "Shadow and Substance" which is breaking box-office records on Broadway. The play is a story of the regeneration and softening of a hard-bitten clergyman by his house-maid. Right: Tommy Kelly as "Tom Sawyer" in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer". Mark Twain's immortal classic gains new lustre with this moving and humorous version of the adventures of a river boy. Below are Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a romantic scene from RKO-Radio's latest comedy, "Having Wonderful Time".



SHOW
Business

A Knight Comes Riding

By Fergus Ferguson

Illustrated by L. R. GUSTAVSON



YOU can find dozens of persons who can figure exactly what occurred on a certain bitter December day in a semi-slum neighborhood in New York City. They will tell you all the circumstances though there was no one there to see. They know what happened to the hermit, Minsker, and what the old lady did to try to save him. But what no one comes within miles of guessing is that on that day, which seemed to be like any other day, in a mean, poverty-stricken basement on a side street, a miracle came to pass.

At seven o'clock in the morning, according to his usual practice, looking as if he had slept in his clothes, old Minsker sat down to his breakfast of one stale roll and a cup of coffee. At seven-fifteen he was knocking on the old lady's door. When she opened it he saw that she was already neatly packed, groomed and

ready, though she was not leaving until the next morning.

"I just stopped to say goodbye and to wish you good luck, Mrs. Land," he said. He looked behind her covetously and she at once knew what he wanted. As vultures gather he was there to see if there was anything he could pick up. And there seemed to be nothing. There was only the bare furniture which was not hers, and the picture hanging on the wall. She saw him eying the picture and saw, too, that he was aware, somehow, that it was her own. And the old lady loathed him in that moment as everyone loathed him. Not that she believed the stories that were told of him—that he was rich, a miser, that he had a fortune concealed somewhere in his room. She loathed him because he was what he was and because he never before had spoken to her in all these years when they had lived across the hall from each other and because he was pretending to be friendly now for hungry purposes of his own.

And because she loathed him she did what she did. It was her final defiance of fate, her last gesture of farewell to a decent life of her own. It was flinging away every dream she had ever had and trampling it in the gutter. She gave him the picture. Handed over her beautiful picture which she had treasured all her life to an aged, soiled magpie who knew nothing of dreams.

"It's a nice picture," he said, avidly appraising it. "It's got a fine, strong frame."

"Yes, it's a good frame," said the old lady quietly. "Goodbye, Mr. Minsker." She watched him carry it back into his own room, watched until the door was bolted behind him. He was in there gloating over a fine gilt frame. And she was on her way to the County Home. That was where she was going. For seventy is too old for work, too old for self-respect. But for the County Home seventy is ideal.

SHE went back and sat motionless by the window as she had sat all week, her gnarled, work-worn hands in her lap. She would not look at the dark square on the



She heard Minsker's suddenly stifled cry and the silence afterward and then the banging and the uproar in his room. She knew at once what it meant

wall where her picture had been. She had believed in that picture, crazily, she now saw, as you believe in daybreak while it is yet dark. It had been a symbol. In the picture a knight rode with a lady toward a castle perched on a purple-green hill. When she was young the old lady had loved the picture because of the knight. Later she had loved it for the hills. Always she had known that sometime, somehow, she would live in her own castle, her white cottage, enfolded by green hills. And now she was going to the County Home. The green hills and the castle and the knight were gone, gone with Minsker, gone with the hard years which had turned over and over like leaves in an empty calendar.

She sat by the window all day, staring out into a street emptied by the piercing cold. Even when night came she did not stir but sat so passive that she was little more than a mirror reflecting images. The image of three men loitering in a doorway across the street as if waiting for something. What could they be waiting for unless what all wait for—failure and death? The image of old Minsker approaching and entering her own doorway to the left, and, a moment later, the three men crossing the street and silently disappearing into the doorway through which Minsker had gone. They were all images, signifying nothing, until she heard the sounds. Until she heard Minsker's suddenly stifled cry and the silence afterward and then the banging and the uproar in his room. She knew at once what it meant—the men had attacked Minsker, were searching his room in the empty house for the money he was supposed to have.

She was not a courageous woman physically and she had no love for Minsker, but she did what she had to do. Calling for help, for the police, she stumbled across the hall. She saw the feverish men, saw the mattress torn to pieces, the drawers of the dresser pulled out, and old Minsker where he had fallen. He was not yet dead and he recognized her, comprehended what she had tried to do, knew that she had come to help. And after that, for her, there was nothing. Nothing but stabs and jerks of darkness and flashes and lights of pain.

WHEN she opened her eyes again she was on her own bed with a policeman beside her. She heard a man who looked like a doctor say, "She'll be all right. Just a slight concussion. Nothing serious." And they seemed to be looking at her, the two of them, with respect, with admiration. "Some nerve," the policeman said, grinning down. She stared at them. She was not thinking nor feeling, just arriving again in the order of things. She knew that old Minsker, who had been so greedily alive that very morning, was dead and that she herself had looked into the face of death. And her head ached. She said nothing even when the policeman put her picture into her hands.

"Minsker was able," he said, "to tell us that this is yours. He said it was valuable, that he had been keeping it safe for you."

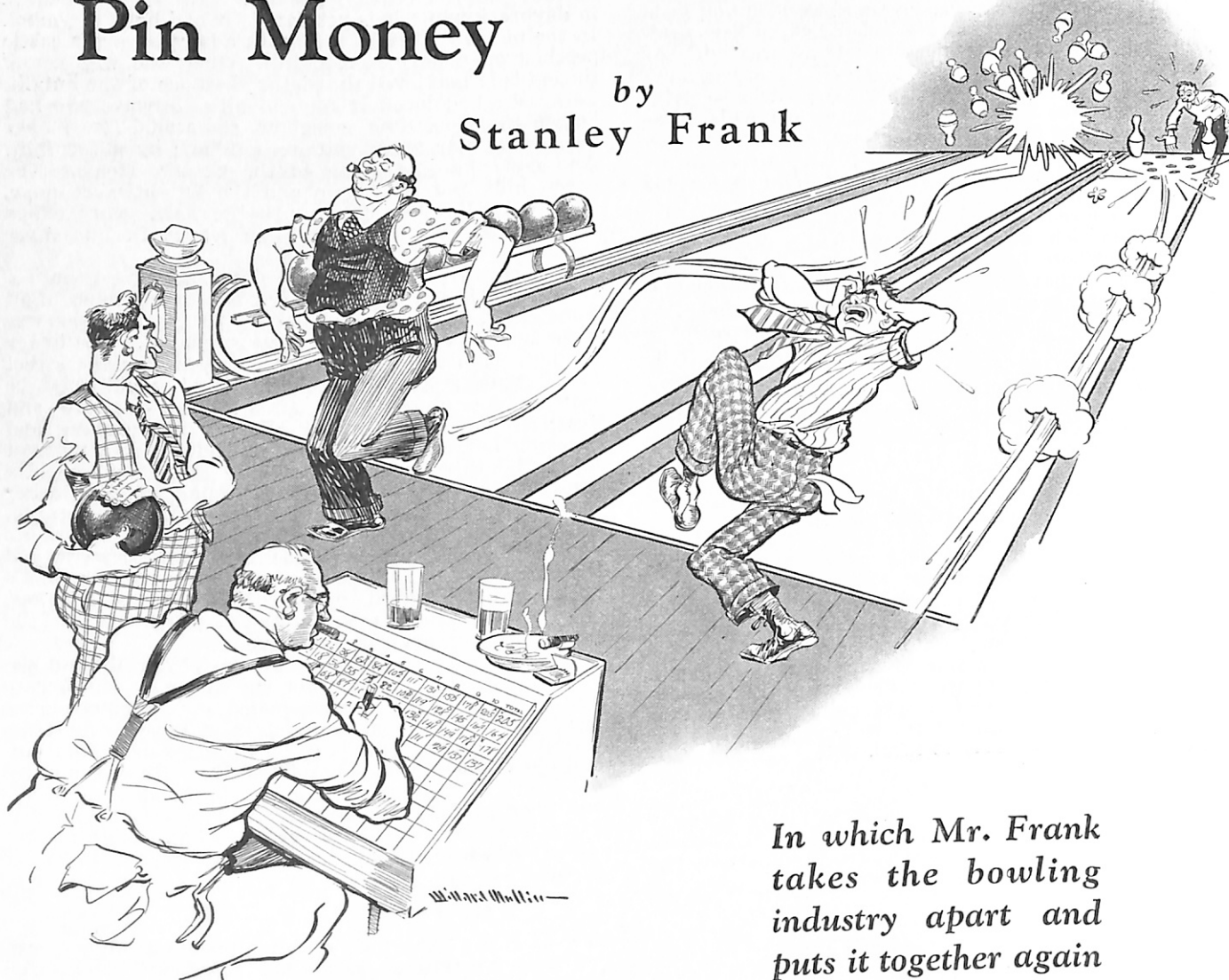
Her hands moved up and down the picture, caressing it as they had for years. But something was different. The picture was different. She held it up and saw what it was—old Minsker had tacked a new cardboard on the back. She did not like that. She did not want to think ill of the dead, but she felt that old Minsker should not have done that. He should not have tampered with her picture.

"Yes, it is mine," she said. "And I want you to rip off that cardboard, please." She was an old lady and she had shown courage and the policeman liked courage. So he humored her. He took out his knife and began ripping out the cardboard. She watched him while he worked, but mostly she watched the knight and the lady and the green hills which were generous and lovely, radiant and gold with promise.

"Well, for crying out loud!" gasped the policeman, staring. He could hardly believe his eyes as he saw the thousand dollar bills fall from where old Minsker had concealed them into the old lady's lap.

Pin Money

by
Stanley Frank



*In which Mr. Frank
takes the bowling
industry apart and
puts it together again*

EADIE most definitely was not a lady if she was careless enough to be seen in the unhallowed vicinity of a bowling alley twenty-five years ago. Johnny was working assiduously at a career of loafing if he looked upon the pins when they were falling. But different times, different manners and the recent development of the game which once was frowned upon by law and gentility only tends to prove that one never knows in sports.

You probably wouldn't know, for instance, that eight million solid citizens, almost twenty percent of them women, bowl every year in the 20,000 establishments which are prospering in this country. Owners of the alleys have not sunk five hundred million dollars into fixtures and equipment just for the purpose of catering to the Great Unwashed—slang for the mugg trade—and it is obvious that the three hundred million dollars spent annually for the privilege of setting 'em up and knocking 'em down do not come from the boys who clutter up the corner cigar store, and who are always fresh out of ready money, anyway.

Those are the official figures of the business and they must be authentic because more than twenty thousand men will descend upon Chicago between March 3rd and April 18th for the annual clambake and championship tournament of the American Bowling Congress. That is an awful lot of people to be afflicted with delusions of grandeur at the same time, but the A. B. C., largest governing sports body in the world, is accustomed to talking in telephone numbers. Approximately \$150,000

in prize money will be at stake and is it redundant to add that the confusion and clamor will be terrific?

The staggering statistics wheeled in by the A. B. C. actuaries are enough to make the tournament a unique sporting spectacle, but the real reason for the thumping success of the monster hoop-la is to be found in the fact that the affair is for the chumps, not the champs. The astute bowling people learned long ago the value of recruiting a dub for missionary work in the provinces with a five-dollar prize—the entry fee for one event—which is immediately framed and exhibited forevermore to the kibitzers back home as documentary evidence that a local boy breathed the same air with the celebrated heroes of the sport.

In New York last year a Mr. D. Wilson of Columbus did not achieve immortality when he finished in Number 2381 position of the singles, but he did get a crisp, five-dollar bill and he can always prove it by the record book. H. Fickeisen and R. Coe of Syracuse divided ten dollars for finishing behind 1187 other two-man teams and the five-man team representing the Carl Miller Chevrolets of Buffalo wound up with Number 689 and twenty-five dollars. Mr. Fred Snyder of Detroit was topped by 2390 others in the all-events, but he was rewarded with a seven-dollar prize. Anybody can enter the A. B. C. free-for-all and almost everybody wins something—that is the secret of the tournament which, in turn, is the blood-stream of the sport.

Does a dub, in spite of the thousands of prizes, shrink from the ridicule which will (Continued on page 47)

The Way to a Dog's Heart

THE best way to a dog's heart, like that to a man's heart, is through the stomach. More questions are asked about the feeding of dogs than about any other dog subject. The purchaser of a puppy inquires: "What should I feed him?"

This is a natural and proper question because the dog may be said to be half stomach.

Also, out of his stomach and digestive tract arise directly or indirectly about 80% of all the ailments which affect a dog's health. This is true particularly in our present day and age, where the dog is

living under conditions which in many instances are not according to his natural life.

Let us ask first the question, how often should a dog be fed?

Sixteen hours is the average time for food to pass through the entire digestive system of the adult dog. Food is in the stomach only about an hour until it begins to flow into the small intestines where the greater length of time and the greater part of the digestion take place. The conclusion from this is that dogs are fed too often.

The foregoing clearly indicates that one meal per day with a snack or small amount at the other end of the day is best for the adult dog. Also that a dog should not be exercised within thirty minutes after eating.

If you love your dog, do not over-feed him. Too much food is a mistaken kindness which results in bad

breath, stomach troubles, sore gums, digestive trouble, illness and an early death for your best friend, your dog.

Dogs chew little and this is contrary to popular belief. Saliva in the mouth has little to do in the way of acting upon the dog's food. Dogs by nature gulp their food, and this is not particularly injurious as the actual digestion takes place in the intestines more than anywhere else. The feeding of bones and of dry food requires the dog to chew and to eat slowly; the benefit is in two things—cleaning the teeth and the gums, and giving the dog the pleasure which he peculiarly finds in the use of his jaws.

What should the dog eat? Even fresh meat, raw or cooked, is not sufficient in itself for a steady diet because it lacks the vitamins and other elements necessary for food. That is why dogs in their wild stage greedily eat stomach, liver, intestines, heart and lungs of an animal that has been killed because these furnish vitamins which meat itself lacks.

Meat, first of all, is the most desirable food for dogs. It can be fed raw or cooked, although slightly cooked is best. The heat of cooking kills any possible germ condition in the flesh.

Of the kinds of meat, beef perhaps may be considered best; lamb, horse-flesh, and fresh fish are especially to be recommended. Mutton broth is refreshing to the dog that has a weak stomach or is recovering from a serious illness. Liver, heart and kidneys are foods, but they must be cooked and they do not build up but furnish needed vitamins.

Never feed fried meat, smoked meat, spiced meat. Pork has been condemned by many but there is no particular reason why pork should not be used as a dog food in limited quantity if it is not excessively fat.

In the matter of vegetables, there has been much exaggeration concerning the diet of the dog. Dogs do not relish vegetables; dogs eat them only when very hungry or when the vegetables are mixed with meat or other liked food. Vegetables should be fed as a minor part of the dog's diet. All the vitamins and mineral salts which a vast quantity of vegetables can furnish to the dog, can be supplied in the feeding of condition powder with the dog's regular diet every second day.

Starches or carbohydrates can be included in the diet regularly, mixed with meat and vegetables. Dog biscuit is known as dry food, is strong in starches and makes an excellent meal when mixed with meat.

How often shall a dog be fed? From weaning time at six weeks, to the age of ten weeks, feed five times a day. From ten weeks to four months, four times a day. From four to eight months, feed three times a day. From eight months to fifteen months, feed twice a day.

After fifteen months, feed once a
(Continued on page 52)

YOUR DOG

by Captain Will Judy

Editor, Dog World Magazine



Doris Day



NATIONAL DEFENSE



ORLD conditions have resulted in concern regarding national preparedness to cope with possible developments directly affecting the peace and security of our country. This concern relates primarily to our Navy and Air forces, which, however, is only secondary to concern with reference to the size of our Army and the Marines.

There are three schools of thought on this highly important matter, each asserting that its objective is peace. They differ widely as to how this highly desired objective may be attained. Two of these schools may be said to be made up of extremists. One advocates the establishment of military forces stronger than those of any other country and argues that with this show of superiority no nation would dare try conclusions with us. Of a directly contrary attitude is another school which advocates the abandonment of our present military establishment and argues that this would be our greatest safeguard against invasion and the surest guarantee of peace. The third school of thought takes a middle ground and advocates the establishment and maintenance of what may be termed a military establishment of moderate size and strength.

One argument against a large military establishment is the cost of maintenance. This is met by the assertion that whatever the cost, it is less than that of war, and if it in fact would be, as is asserted, a guarantee against war, it would indeed be economical. Another argument is that a large military establishment would inevitably result in such a feeling of superiority as would lead us into endless con-

flicts with other nations until some David would arise to slay the Goliath.

It may be doubted if there are many so-called pacifists who on mature deliberation would go to the extreme of advocating disbanding the Army and scuttling the Navy. This would be a good deal like trying to get along without a police force and certainly would result in trouble. It would seem that the middle course is the one which should be adopted—neither overpowering military strength nor the abandonment of all means of defense against a nation which disregards and tramples on our rights and liberties.

The perplexing question is how far to go—what military establishment is reasonably necessary under existing conditions? Once, when what constitutes the perfect physique was under discussion, Lincoln was asked how long he thought a man's legs ought to be. He replied that he thought they ought to be long enough to reach to the ground. We take it that what Lincoln really meant was that a man's legs ought to be long enough properly to perform the functions for which they were intended. Applying this thought, we should say that the military arm of our Government should be strong enough to protect us at home and long enough to cause other less peacefully inclined nations to hesitate to come within its reach.

ADVANTAGE OF NEW MEMBERS



HE commendable zeal of our present dynamic Grand Exalted Ruler in building up the membership of subordinate Lodges challenges our admiration and should enlist the earnest support of every Elk. Of course, the present business recession does present a barrier, but not an insurmountable one. It constitutes merely an added challenge to the energy and loyalty of our membership.

We quote with approval the following excerpt from a circular letter recently issued by the Special Membership Committee of the Pennsylvania Elks State Association:

"Remember this one thing. The subordinate Lodge

EDITORIAL



is the real gainer in procuring the membership increase we desire. It doesn't mean a whole lot to the State Association or to the Grand Lodge. But it does mean plenty to the subordinate Lodge. You better your financial condition, you increase your personnel, you add to your local prestige, you find new friends and new workers, you place yourself in a better position to be of service to your community, and you are building your own Lodge for the future."

OUR COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE

WHATEVER your calling in life may be, whether you are a common laborer, a skilled mechanic, a merchant, a banker, a doctor, a lawyer, or a clergyman, if you are an Elk you are an American citizen, and as such are entitled to the same rights, privileges and immunities as every other American citizen—no less, no more.

If you are a worthy Elk, you are a loyal American citizen, and as such you not only in the abstract believe in law and order, but, in a forceful and militant sense, you are unalterably opposed to every form of lawlessness regardless of who may be engaged in it.

The United States has been a pretty good country in which to live—it not only has been, but is, notwithstanding the fact that periodically lawlessness runs rife, as it has been doing during recent months. The law-abiding people of this country will stand about so much and no more. They are not easily excited and are slow to wrath, but when thoroughly aroused the loud, blatant and defiant, but small, lawless element takes to cover and stays there until the public, with a false sense of security, again lapses into inactivity.

This America of ours is for Americans. We are content with the form of government under which we have lived and prospered beyond the peoples of any other nation in the world. As it was preserved for us by our fathers, we will preserve it for our children.

The influences which seek to undermine our form of

government and our American institutions are of foreign origin, as witness the personnel of groups of agitators, bolsheviks, communists, anarchists and bomb throwers. We are indeed blind if we do not recognize that they have made some headway in this country. When patriotic Americans are thoroughly aroused, and it is high time for them to become aroused, they will take matters into their own hands and compel this unbid, unwelcome and non-citizen foreign element responsible for these outbursts of lawlessness to go back to former haunts and leave us to live our lives in the American way, in peace and harmony and to raise and educate our children to appreciate and love our Government, our institutions and our flag

A CALL TO DUTY

ELSEWHERE in this issue there appears an article from the pen of J. Edgar Hoover written specially for our readers. Mr. Hoover is nationally known as head of the now famous G-Men, made so by his resourcefulness, keen powers of perception, genius for organization, and untiring energy. As a student of crime and criminals, he stands without a peer in this or any other country. That sounds like an extravagant statement, but we make it without fear of successful contradiction. He has an understanding born of years of experience, during which he has had the support of the strong arm of the Federal Government. He writes clearly, pointedly and forcefully on a subject which he thoroughly understands. We commend his article to you as worthy of careful and thoughtful reading. You will find in it some statements which may challenge your credulity, but you may rest assured that they are based on unimpeachable documentary evidence. By carefully considering his article you will get a better insight into the crime situation in this country and no doubt will be impressed as to your responsibility and the responsibility of every law-abiding citizen fully to discharge the duty incumbent upon all to do their full share in assisting to rid our country of this great menace to the security of life and property.



St. Augustine, Fla., Elks, standing before the Spanish Constitution Monument, present to representatives of local high schools handsome standards that carry facsimile pages of the Constitution of the United States and pictures of patriots.

Under the Antlers

News of Subordinate
Lodges Throughout the Order

Community Activities Carried on by Gettysburg, Pa., Lodge

D.D. T. Z. Minehart, of Chambersburg, timed his official visit to Gettysburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 1045, for November 22 in order to install State Vice-Pres. Herbert L. Grimm, publisher of *The Gettysburg Times*, as Exalted Ruler. Mr. Grimm was nominated by the chair officers and unanimously elected from the floor to fill a vacancy.

The new Exalted Ruler immediately announced the formation of an advisory board which has given him valuable assistance in an intensive campaign of community activities. Gettysburg Lodge has voted to resume its scholarship donations, begun several years ago, whereby two deserving graduates of Adams County high schools are given \$250 each to continue their studies in higher institutions. The Lodge also took over the erection of 50-foot sign boards on main highways, promoting the 75th and last reunion of Civil War veterans of the North and South. The Reunion will be held in Gettysburg early in the summer.

Two Important Events at Home of Brazil, Ind., Lodge

Brazil, Ind., Lodge, No. 762, sponsored a rally and gave a banquet recently in honor of the Rev. Fr. Frank J. Lawler, a member of Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge and National Chaplain of the American Legion. The joint meeting was participated in by about 175 Elks and members of the Legion, the Brazil Service Club, the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, the Chamber of Commerce and the Brazil Safe Drivers Club. E.R. John H. Weaver presided and Albert R. Morgan, Chairman of the Program Committee, was Master of Ceremonies. Father Lawler delivered the main address. The next week the Lodge received an official visit from D.D. P. H. Logan of Richmond, Ind., Lodge. He was entertained by the Brazil officers at a dinner before the meeting at which a class was initiated.

Brazil Lodge is out of debt and has one of the most comfortable and attractive Homes in the State. New furniture and basement fixtures have been purchased and indirect lighting in the Lodge room is another of the improvements that have been made.

Nine Sons of Members Initiated Into Kenosha, Wis., Lodge

Nine sons of Kenosha Elks were initiated on "Fathers and Sons Night" and D.D. John C. Fay of La Crosse paid his official visit to Kenosha, Wis., Lodge, No. 750, on that evening. A. J. Geniesse of Green Bay, Pres. of the Wis. State Elks Assn., was also present.

More than 250 Elks attended the meeting which was preceded by a dinner at which visiting officials and members of the class were guests of honor. An interesting feature of the initiation was the part played

by the fathers who had proposed their sons for membership and acted as their escorts during the ceremonies.

News of Monmouth, Ill., Lodge, Instituted 40 Years Ago

Monmouth, Ill., Lodge, No. 397, observed the 40th anniversary of its institution on the night of the official visit of D.D. A. J. Fish of Macomb Lodge. A class of 16 was initiated and 120 members were present. The program was held in the same room in which the institution ceremonies had taken place. The Lodge's quarters have been extensively remodeled since that time. Twelve charter members are still on the rolls, five of whom were present at the celebration.

The oldest member of Monmouth Lodge, Henry Staat, aged 95 years, and one of the oldest in point of membership, died on December 7. Up until a few years ago, he was a daily visitor at the Lodge Home.

District Deputy Night at Marion, O., Lodge a Big Event

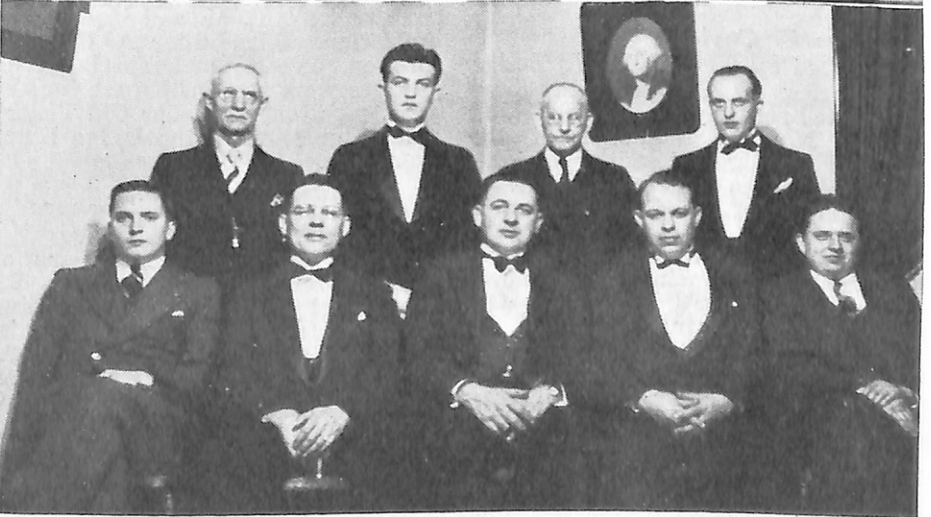
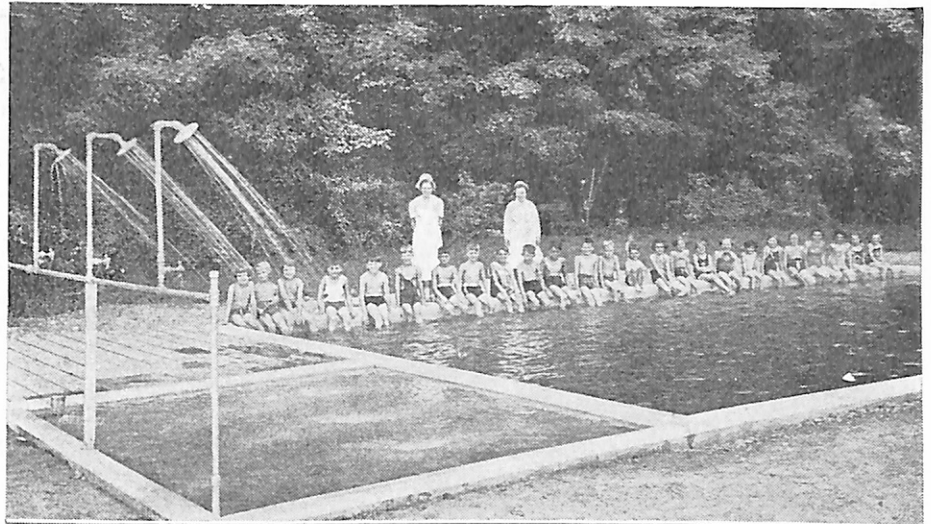
The official visit of D.D. Dr. L. H. Whisler of Willard Lodge and the initiation of a class of 23 candidates featured a recent meeting of Marion, O., Lodge, No. 32. The meeting was preceded by a sea bass dinner served to nearly 175 members and other Ohio Elks. Dr. Whisler was accompanied by a large delegation from his home Lodge. C. F. Unckrich, Chairman of the Visitation Committee of the O. State Elks Assn., and State Vice-Pres. Walter Penry headed large parties from Galion and Delaware Lodges respectively.

Marion Lodge is in a healthy condition financially, and engaged in many worthwhile activities. The class was the largest taken into the Lodge since its Golden Anniversary initiation of 1934.

New Bedford, Mass., Lodge Celebrates Its 50th Anniversary

New Bedford, Mass., Lodge, No. 73, celebrated its 50th Anniversary on the same night that D.D. Francis J. O'Neil of Attleboro Lodge, accompanied by the Attleboro officers and large delegations of Southeast District Elks, paid his official visit. Souvenirs of cut glass for which New Bedford is famous were presented to the District Deputy and to P.E.R. Forrest C. Worrall of Attleboro, who acted as his Grand Esquire. Two charter members of New Bedford Lodge, former Mayor C. S. Ashley and James E. Canavan, received silver loving cups, and Chief of Police Samuel D. McLeod was presented with an honorary life membership card.

Other well known Elks who figured prominently were P.E.R. Joseph F. Francis, New Bedford, who acted as Toastmaster, P.D.D.'s M. G. Sartoris, New Bedford, and Representative Daniel J. Honan, Winthrop, and P.E.R. John E. McBride and



Mayor Carney, New Bedford. P.D.D. Hugh T. McNeill, Fall River, gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast. The meeting was followed by an old-fashioned pig dinner and an entertainment program.

Distinguished Elks Are Guests of Rockford, Ill., Lodge

A social session, an initiation, and the presence of a number of distinguished Illinois Elks, marked the last meeting in November of Rockford, Ill., Lodge, No. 64, when D.D. George H. Lindburg of Moline made

At top: The wading pool at Camp Alice Newton at Rome, New York, a camp for children which is operated by Rome Lodge.

Above, center: Six candidates who were initiated into Kenosha, Wis., Lodge on "Kenosha News Night", with the Chairs of the Lodge standing behind them. All of those in the picture are members of the staff of the Kenosha "News".

Also above: The officers of Defiance, Ohio, Lodge, who are most active in Lodge activities, civic and community affairs and as sponsors of a thriving Antlers Lodge.



Above and on opposite page: The officers of Royal Oak, Mich., Lodge and a large class of candidates which was initiated recently in honor of D.D. Irving J. Unger.

his official visit. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Chicago, Grand Trustee Judge Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, and P.D.D. O. J. Ellingen of Mendota, were guests.

The Lodge added 31 new members by initiation that night, 27 more by reinstatement and three by transfer dimit. More than 250 were present at the dinner served before the meeting. Many constructive speeches were made, and a humorous talk was given by Arthur F. Briesse, well known satirist.

"Charles E. Coyle Night"

Celebrated by Newark, N. J., Lodge

"Charles E. Coyle Night" was celebrated recently by Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, in honor of the Lodge's Esteemed Leading Knight. The event was held as a mark of appreciation of Mr. Coyle's valuable services.

Entertainment by well known professionals and dancing to the music of Joseph Fecher's Paramount Orchestra were featured. Esq. J. P. O'Toole was Master of Ceremonies. Several hundred Elks and ladies were present. State Pres. Murray B. Sheldon of Elizabeth, with officers of the N. J. State Elks Assn., D.D. Orville V. Meslar, Morristown, P.E.R. Meyer C. Ellenstein, Mayor of Newark, other city officials, and a large delegation of Elks from Washington, N. J., Mr. Coyle's former home, attended.

Elks of Mass. West Greet D.D.

George Connors at Clinton Lodge

All of the Lodges in the Massachusetts West District were represented at a meeting of Clinton Lodge No. 1306 on the occasion of the homecoming visit of D.D. George Connors. The visiting delegations were met by local Elks at the railroad station where a parade was formed headed by the Sons of the American Legion Band of Worcester. This was one of

the largest gatherings that has assembled in years in the vicinity.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Past State Pres. John F. Burke, Boston, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and the District Deputy were the principal speakers. The meeting took place in the I.O.O.F. Hall at 2:30 P. M. and included an initiation. E.R. Lester A. Call, the Clinton officers and special committees were responsible for its success. A dinner at "The Old Timer" and a luncheon in the Lodge Home were served.

Murals Beautify Cocktail Lounge of New Haven, Conn., Lodge

When the magnificent Home of New Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 25, was erected in 1927, the reading room was decorated in High Renaissance style at a cost of \$10,000. At each end of the room, which has been recently converted into a cocktail lounge, is an 18th Century fireplace. Murals symbolic of the Order have been painted over each fireplace by Malcolm Hackney, a student at the Graduate School of Yale University, a former member of Durham, N. C., Lodge, but now a member of Sarasota, Fla., Lodge.

Dances are given every Saturday and Sunday evening in the Lodge Home for Elks and their guests.

Elks Living in Brunswick, Me.,

Hold Regular Social Sessions

A group of Elks living in Brunswick, Me., met recently at the Hotel Eagle. While there was no formal organization, an agreement was made to hold regular social sessions in the future, which they and other Elks in the neighborhood could attend.

The Brunswick members of the Order visit Bath Lodge No. 934, nine miles away, as often as they can, but the desire for fraternal gatherings in their home town has been growing for some time.

The names and Lodge affiliations of those who enjoyed the informal meeting and turkey dinner were William C. Murch, Portsmouth, N. H.; Roy Joslin, Springfield, Mass.; Wilfred Demers, Dover, N. H.; Joseph B. Paquette and Donald Hunt, Bath, and John Fakler, Rochester, Minn. Chief of Police Joseph Z. Ouellette and John T. Gould of *The Brunswick Record* were invited guests.

Two Important Events Held by Jeannette, Pa., Elks

Jeannette, Pa., Lodge, No. 486, initiated its largest class of the year when 75 new members were welcomed into the Lodge during the meeting at which D.D. Frank S. Rode made his official homecoming visit. A banquet was held before the meeting in the new dining room of the Home, and a buffet lunch was served at the close of the evening. Two hundred and fifty members of the Order, including State officers and other prominent Pennsylvania Elks, attended.

On the preceding evening, the Lodge entertained the local high school football team, band, cheer leaders, faculty and a large number of invited guests at a turkey dinner, and presented the letter men with sweaters.

35th Anniversary Celebrated by Waynesburg, Pa., Lodge

The 35th anniversary of the institution of Waynesburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 757, was fittingly celebrated on December 8. One of the highlights of the evening was the bestowal of badges of honor upon Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge who since their retirement have continued to be



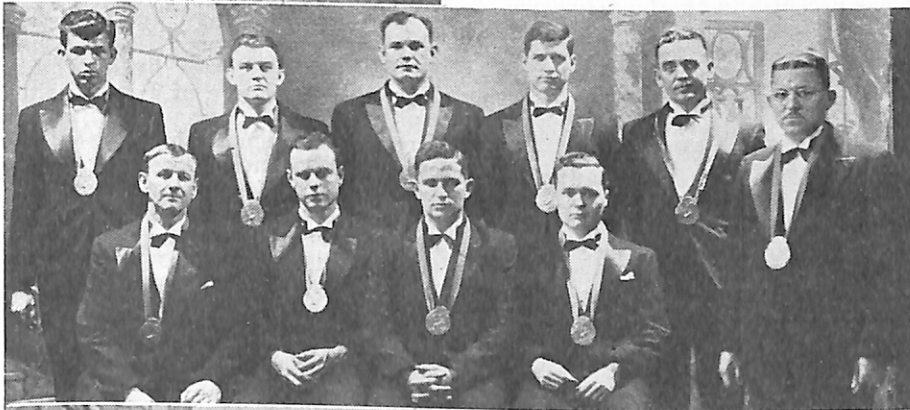
active in various capacities. The group was made up of P.E.R.'s H. F. Baily, C. T. Sutton, W. H. Ullom, W. J. Kyle, W. T. Moore, A. M. Nichols, H. C. Schreiber, W. C. Montgomery, C. W. Parkinson and H. Ed Millikin. E.R. Lew R. Hawn presided.

The Duquesne University Orchestra played during the banquet which followed the anniversary exercises.

Goodfellowship Dinner and Initiation at Bellingham, Wash., Lodge

The evening on which D.D. George C. Newell of Seattle paid his official

Below: The new Degree Team of Bicknell, Ind., Lodge which is comprised almost entirely of newly initiated members in their early 20's. The Team has been coached by P.D.D. John C. Heidenreich.



visit to Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194, began with a Goodfellowship Dinner held in his honor. One hundred members were present and also the 15 candidates who were initiated later in the evening. Attorney Frank W. Bixby made the introductions and also gave a short talk. A program of music was presented.

In his address the District Deputy praised the Lodge for its sound financial condition and the officers for their splendid ritualistic work. A buffet supper was served.

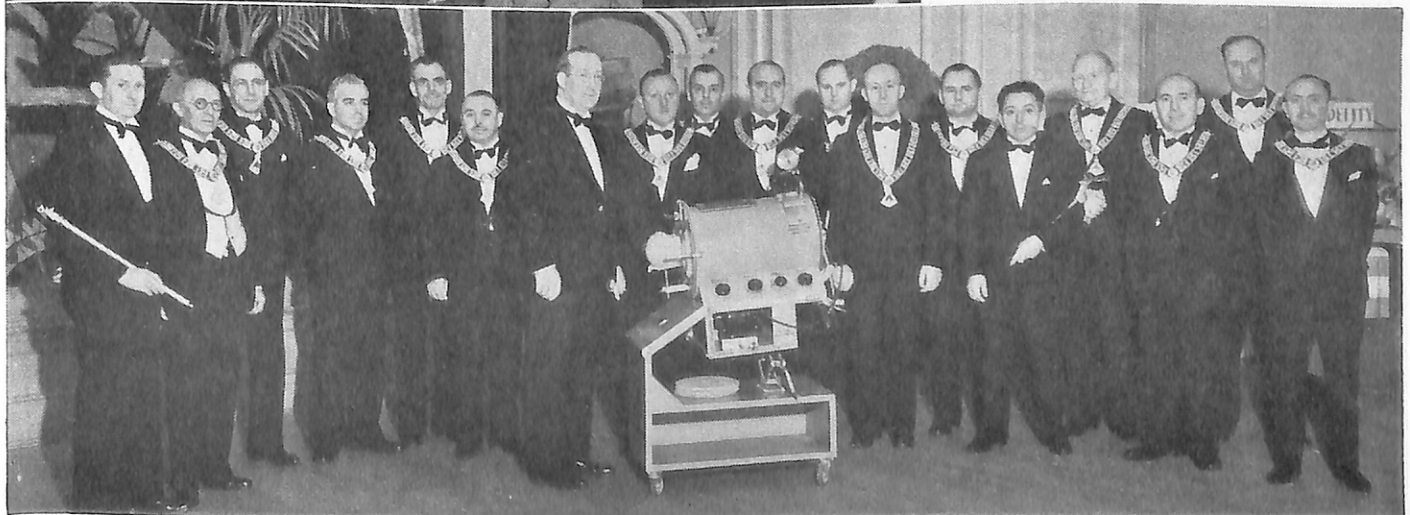
Rahway, N. J., Elks Celebrate Their Chaplain's 79th Birthday

Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, celebrated the birthday of its 79-year-old Chaplain, Isaac R. Silverberg, on December 4, and presented him with an honorary life membership. Many prominent New Jersey Elks were present. Among those who spoke were D.D. Harold W. Swallow, Bound Brook; State Vice-Pres. John J. Albiez, Union; P.D.D.'s John W. Cantillion, Red Bank, and Charles H. Maurer, Dunellen; E.R. Howard Van Buskirk, Westfield; P.E.R. William J. Smith, Perth Amboy, and Mayor John E. Barger, of Rahway Lodge.

Presentation of the honorary life membership card was made by William Melbourne, who proposed Mr. Silverberg for membership in 1920. An engraved copy of the resolution, adopted at a meeting on December 1, granting the life membership and appointing a committee to arrange for a suitable social event in honor

Left: Front row, William Klein, Chaplain of Waukesha, Wis., Lodge, with his four sons who were recently initiated into the Order. Behind them are the Lodge officers.

Below: Members of Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge with an infant respirator which they presented to the Woonsocket Hospital. At the time of writing the respirator was responsible for the lives of two newborn children. The respirator was bought by the Lodge with the proceeds of a charity ball.



of Mr. Silverberg's birthday, was presented by P.E.R. J. W. Urmston. The Ladies' Auxiliary furnished the birthday cake. Mr. Silverberg has served as Chaplain for 14 years and enjoys the respect and devotion of every member of his Lodge.

Membership Gains in Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge Increase Steadily

During the past year, under the leadership of E.R. S. G. Sigley, Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge, No. 191, has paid particular attention to increase of membership. On December 8, in the Hotel Bethlehem, a class of 99, honoring D.D. G. Russell Bender of Pottstown, was initiated, with 200 Elks in attendance at the banquet and meeting. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow of Philadelphia was the principal speaker.

The approved applications numbered 105, but six candidates were unable to be present and were initiated later. Up to that time the membership roll had increased 45 per cent since last April. The Lodge immediately began to prepare for its next initiation, with applications coming in steadily. It was expected that at least 100 would be initiated.

Football Team and Coaches Entertained by Dixon, Ill., Elks

The annual turkey dinner, given by Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779, for the members of the Dixon High School championship football team and their coaches, on December 1, was a jolly affair. At the same time, P.E.R. Henry C. Warner, a member of the Board of Grand Trustees, was host to the parents and high school faculty. Judge Warner acted as Toastmaster. About 250 were present in the Lodge Home.

The address of the evening was delivered by Rocky Wolfe, nationally known sports editor and publicity director of the Chicago Bears football team. Gerald Ankeny of the local championship team, spoke for the students. E.R. Chester Barriage, the Rev. H. B. Buxton, Mayor William Slothower, Superintendent A. H. Lancaster, Athletic Director A. C. Bowers, Harry E. Kidd, sports writer for the Sterling Gazette, Coach Joseph C. B. Lindell and Jack Shoun, veteran radio announcer, also addressed the gathering.

Judge Flannery and Joseph Crowley Visit N. Y. East Lodges

D.D. Judge J. Gordon Flannery of Beacon Lodge and State Vice-Pres. Joseph F. Crowley, Yonkers, have received splendid receptions on their official visitations to Lodges of the N. Y. East District. At the time this item was written they had visited New Rochelle, Mount Vernon, Port Chester, Mamaroneck, Mount Kisco, White Plains and Beacon Lodges. The Beacon members staged a big homecoming celebration. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, spoke at the White Plains meeting.

Red Wing, Minn., Elks Stage "Jamboree" in Lodge Home

A banquet and a big-time stage revue were features of a "Jamboree" given by Red Wing, Minn., Lodge, No. 845, some weeks ago. Three hundred and sixty Elks and their ladies, many being from out of town, attended the 6:30 banquet with which the program was opened. Music was furnished by the Revels and the Minnesota Collegians.

The Jamboree Revue was staged in the main dining hall. The rooms were then cleared for dancing and tables set up for the bridge players. The Jamboree is one of the Lodge's annual social events.

Regional Meeting of Tri-State Elks Assn. at Hagerstown, Md.

The best attended regional meeting and dinner ever held by the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association took place recently in the Lodge rooms of Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, No. 378. The Association was represented by State Pres. Calvert K. Hartle of Hagerstown, who presided, and its officers. The ladies were entertained during the meeting and were special guests at the dinner. Leading Elks of the three States, including D.D. N. Bosley Hoffman of Towson, Md., Lodge, were present for the business session and the social part of the program. Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Robert S. Barrett, who will be presented by Alexandria, Va., Lodge at the next Grand Lodge Convention as a candidate for Grand Treasurer, was the principal speaker of the evening. Dr. Barrett is President of the Florence Crittenden Association which maintains 65 homes for girls throughout the United States. Harry F. Kennedy of Alexandria, a Past President of

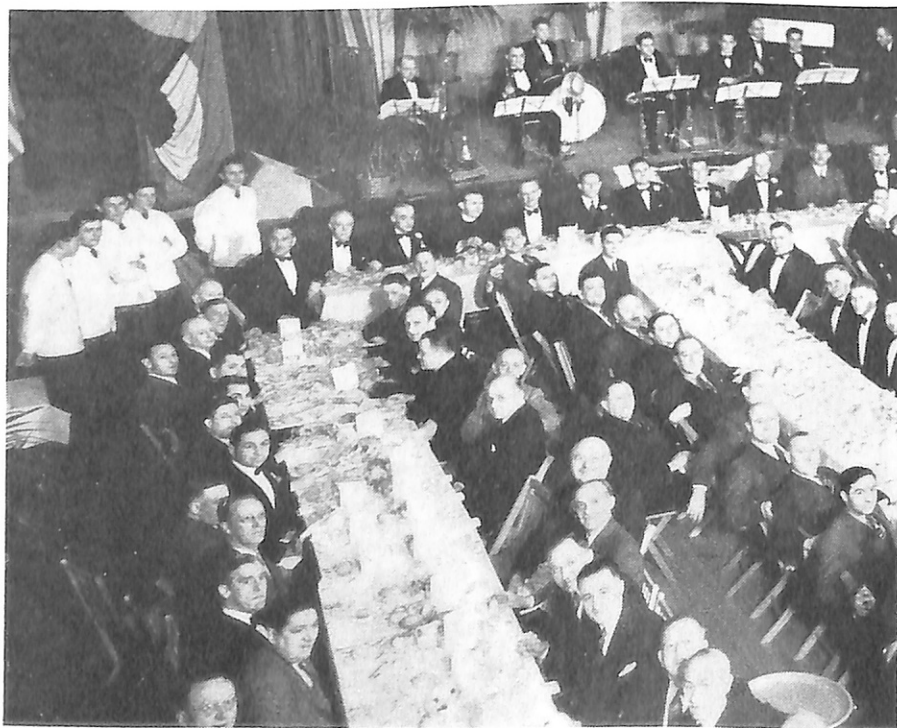
the Va. State Elks Assn., also spoke.

The meeting began at two-thirty in the afternoon. Some of the results of the important discussions were plans for the 1938 Tri-State Convention to be held in Hagerstown next August, the establishment of headquarters at the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City, the endorsement of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Safety Program, and the continuance of subscriptions of the Lodges to the Braille edition of the *Reader's Digest* for blind persons. Hagerstown Lodge has long made it a practice to supply the Washington County Free Library with copies of the *Digest*. Samuel F. Keil of Wilmington, Del., Lodge, was elected a member of the Board of Trustees, and Frostburg, Md., was selected as the city for the next regional meeting. Crisfield, Md., Lodge, No. 1044, was welcomed back into the Association after an absence of several years.

Dr. Barrett spoke again at the close of the dinner. His inspiring address was followed by a talk by Mrs. Stouffer, wife of Past Exalted Ruler B. L. Stouffer. Mrs. Stouffer directed attention to the fact that not only the activities of the subordinate Lodges but those of the Grand Lodge were of interest to the ladies and the general public as well as to members of the Order.

"Industrial Night" Meeting Is Held at Sayre, Pa., Lodge

Sayre, Pa., Lodge, No. 1148, sponsored an "Industrial Night" meeting recently, designed to create a furtherance of good will and a closer understanding among leaders of the various valley industries. More than 200 representatives of mills, power, lumber and telephone companies, and a dozen other important concerns, as-



sembled in the Lodge room.

The session was opened by E.R. Clayton L. Waltman who introduced William Jewell, Chairman of the Arrangements Committee. Mr. Jewell in turn introduced John A. O'Boyle, representative of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Mr. O'Boyle made a most interesting talk which was followed by an address on "Vision" delivered by the principal speaker of the evening, Dr. Harry S. Fish. A buffet luncheon was served after the meeting.

Activities of Casper, Wyo., Elks Include Visit to Cody Lodge

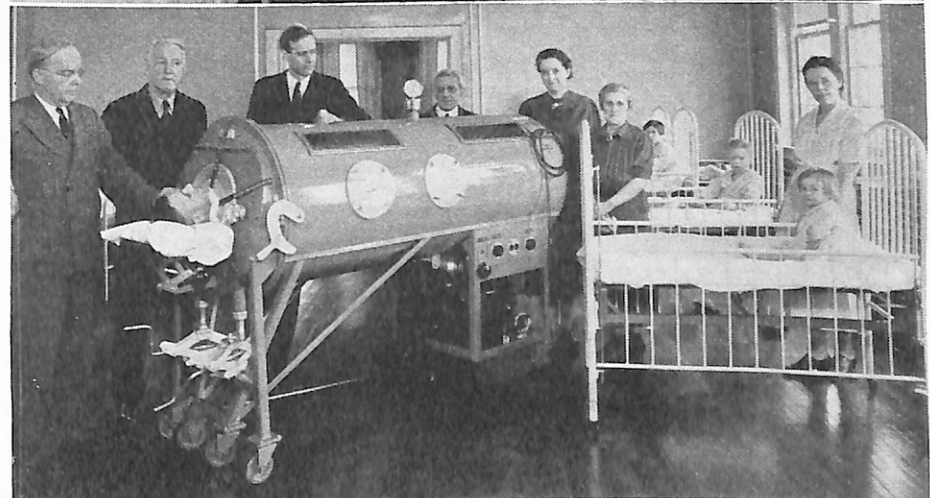
Elaborate arrangements had been made by Casper, Wyo., Lodge, No. 1353, at the time this item was written, for a good will tour to include visits to the Elks and citizens of Cody, Wyo., and Greybull, Mont., the trip to be made in a special car attached to a regular passenger train. Inspection of the new Home of Greybull Lodge, and bowling, a banquet, and an important Lodge session and initiation at Cody Lodge, were outstanding features of the program. P.E.R. Hollis B. Brewer, Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, was scheduled to head the Casper dele-

gation and to act as the principal speaker at the banquet.

About 50 Casper Elks expected to participate and to be joined along the route by members of Billings and Red Lodge, "Beartooth," Mont., and Laramie, Wyo., Lodges. Novel names for the introductions of the

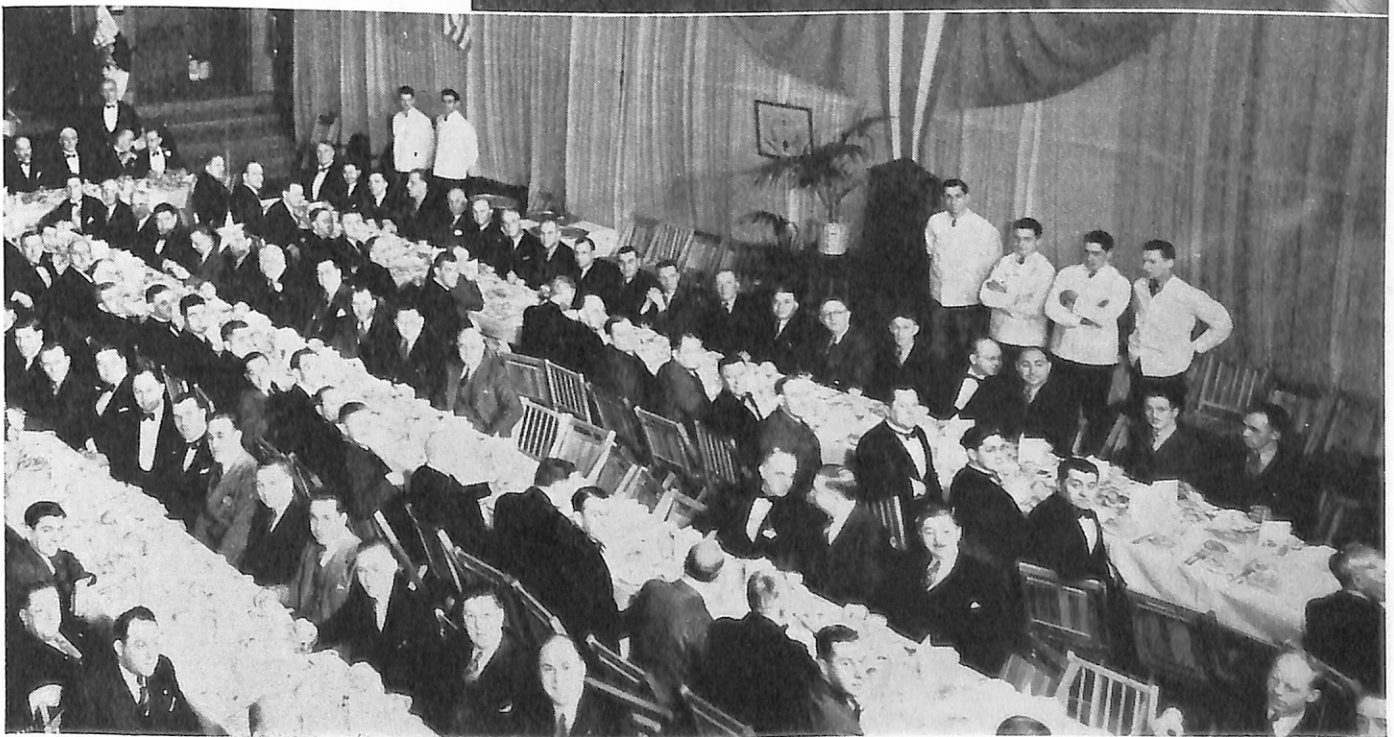
delegations were chosen as follows: Casper as "Wyoming on Parade," Billings as "The Midland Empire

Below: Members of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge who enjoyed a birthday party for all those who were born in the month of December.



Right: Members of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge presenting to Isolation Hospital an "iron lung" as a gift from the Lodge. The respirator was purchased by the Crippled Children's Committee with funds gained through the Lodge's Elks' Circus.

Below and on opposite page: A partial view of those who attended the homecoming of D.D. J. Gordon Flannery, of Beacon, N. Y., Lodge. Judge Flannery was accompanied by State Pres. Stephen McGrath and State Vice-Pres. Joseph F. Crowley.



Right: Six inmates and two nurses of the Arizona State Elks Association Hospital which is particularly beneficial in the treatment of tuberculosis and similar diseases, and below is a view of one of the hospital's buildings.

Fair," Laramie as "The Center of Education," Greybull as "The Heart of the Big Horns," and Cody Lodge as "The Home of Buffalo Bill."

The Arizona State Elks Association Hospital at Tucson

The Arizona State Elks Association Hospital, owned and operated by the Association, was established to meet a pressing need that had arisen in the State. Because climatic conditions in Southwestern Arizona and Tucson in particular had proved to be beneficial in the treatment of tuberculosis or similar diseases, it was only natural that hundreds of these sufferers should flock to the locality from every part of the country. Many were Elks, and it was found that many were in financial difficulties.

After a study of the situation, the Elks established their hospital, which was opened on November 1, 1931. They received assistance from the Grand Lodge, the Elks National Foundation Trustees, and the Tucson Chamber of Commerce. Individual Elks of the State also made donations. Since that time it has proven its worth. The hospital's record for cures is phenomenal.

The main building is constructed to accommodate patients. There are sleeping porches on each side, and private rooms. The nurses' quarters are in a second building. One of the principal factors in the immediate improvement experienced by the patients is lack of worry. They know they are welcome, that they are among friends, and that the nominal charges are computed with regard to their income.

Last year \$3,000 was received from the Elks' ladies of Arizona. They hold a State-wide dance and card party annually for the benefit of the hospital. Some of the California Lodges make it a practice to present cash donations, and boxes of delicious jams and jellies have been sent frequently by Pennsylvania Lodges. The Elks National Foundation Trustees continue to make liberal contributions and each Lodge in



Arizona makes a monthly donation from its charity fund.

The medical staff is comprised of most of Tucson's leading physicians, all of them Elks. Several are fine tuberculosis specialists. Miss Margaret A. Thomas is the superintendent of nurses. Only trained nurses are in attendance and they are in charge both day and night. No expense is spared in giving the patients the best possible care and food.

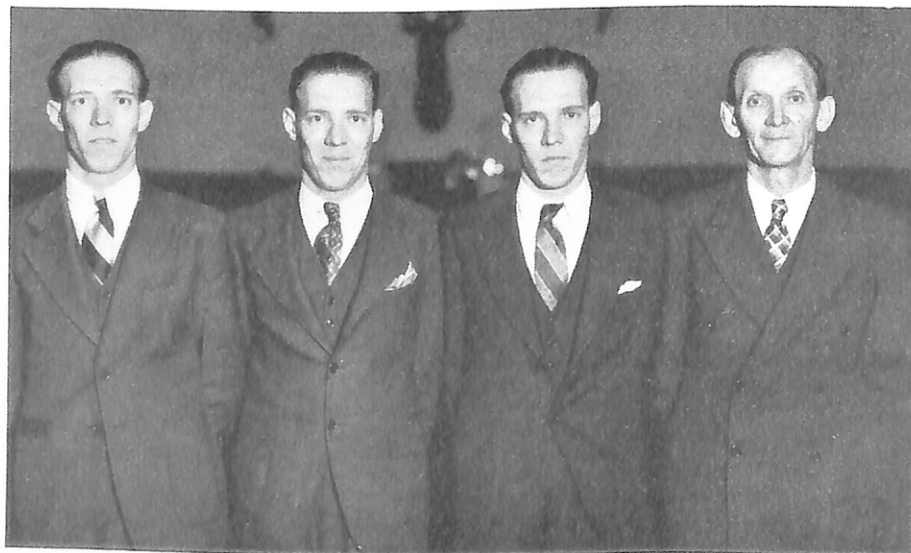
The business affairs of the hospital are in charge of the Executive Committee. Its members are Chairman, Jacob Gunst, Tucson; Secy-Treas., M. H. Starkweather, Tucson;

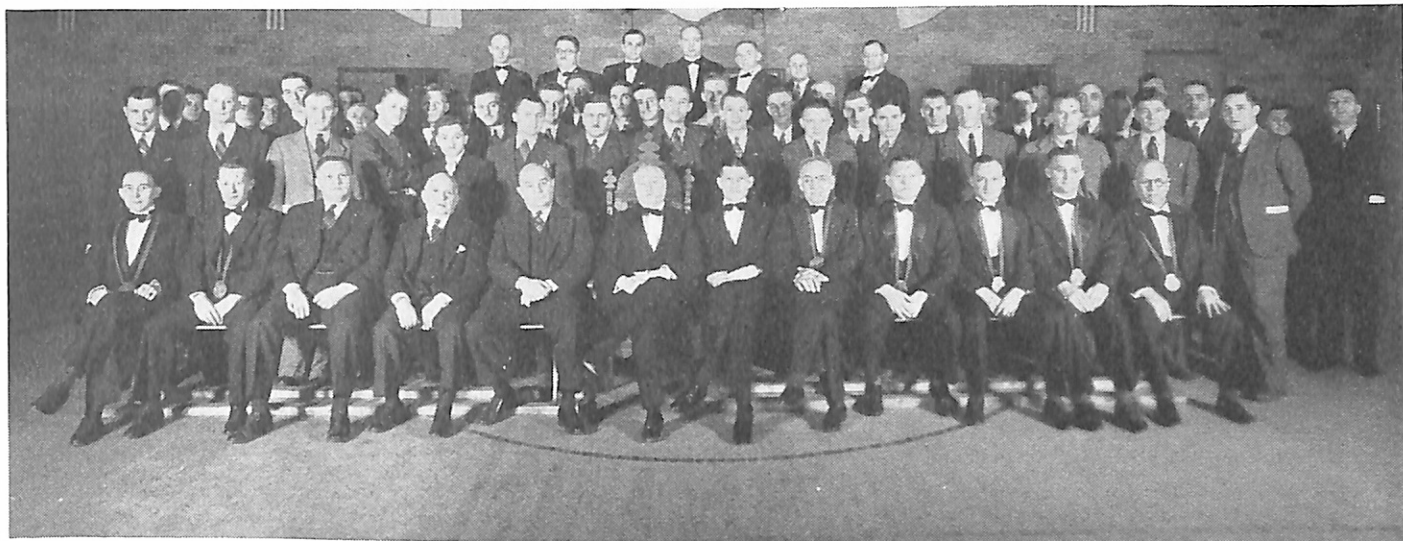
Bernard Anderson, Phoenix; Joe Mayer, Globe, and C. H. Laugharn, Clifton. There is also an advisory committee composed of one Elk from every Lodge in Arizona.

Eugene and Albany, Ore., Lodges Entertain Visiting Elks

Inter-Lodge visitations in Oregon were continued through the late winter and some very fine meetings were held by Lodges of the South District. On Thursday, Jan. 20, Albany Lodge No. 359 was host to 200 Elks from Eugene and Corvallis Lodges, including the officers of both. A stimulating Lodge session, the best of

Right: William Hertel, Sr., and his three sons, John, William and Howard, who were recently initiated into Glendale, Calif., Lodge as part of the "George D. Hastings Class". The class was initiated on the occasion of District Deputy Hastings' official visit to his home Lodge. The three sons of Mr. Hertel are triplets.





Above: The 53 candidates who were recently initiated into Chambersburg, Pa., Lodge, and the Degree Team of Hagerstown, Md., Lodge which initiated them.

entertainment and good things to eat made the evening memorable.

A special meeting, attended by over 500 Elks, was held on Saturday evening of the same week by Eugene Lodge No. 357. A special train, bringing 150 members of Klamath Falls Lodge, including the officers and orchestra, arrived in Eugene at 6 P.M. The long evening was given over to a rousing Lodge session, a first-class vaudeville show, feasting and fun. Each of the Eugene officers was presented with a sack of the prize potatoes for which the Klamath Falls section is famous. E.R.'s Charles L. Sigman of Eugene Lodge and Robert Thompson, Klamath Falls, were the Masters of Ceremonies. Among the visiting Elks from other Lodges were P.E.R. E. W. Winkle, Medford, Pres. of the Ore. State Elks Assn., E.R. Clifton Mudd, Salem, and Secy. E. L. Scott, Medford. They were accompanied by several members of their own Lodges. D.D. Harry B. Ruth of Eugene was also present.

***A Father and His Four Sons
Join Lima, O., Lodge***

Lima, O., Lodge, No. 54, demon-

strated recently its approval of the Father and Son activity sponsored by the Ohio State Elks Association, by bringing into the Lodge D. L. Thomas and his four sons. Their applications were secured through the efforts of Roy E. Bowersock who is serving his fifth term as Exalted Ruler. P.D.D. Charles J. Schmidt of Tiffin, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, assisted by the Lima officers and D.D. John H. Neate of Upper Sandusky, presided as Exalted Ruler when the senior Mr. Thomas was initiated. The meeting was well attended.

The four Thomas brothers are widely known as entertainers. They were first sponsored on a Major Bowes program, winning immediate

Below: Many distinguished Florida Elks and a class of candidates which was initiated into Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge on the occasion of the official visit of D.D. I. Walter Hawkins. The class was named in honor of Trustee Bill Crooks.

attention. The young men have visited many Lodges of the Order throughout the country, entertaining the members and enjoying the hospitality with which they were received.

***Charles H. Bean, Leading New
Hampshire Elk, Dies in Franklin***

The death of P.E.R. Charles H. Bean, P.D.D. and twice Pres. of the New Hampshire State Elks Assn., is still keenly felt by the members of his Lodge, Franklin, N. H., No. 1280. Mr. Bean succumbed to the ravages of a severe cold and a general breakdown on Nov. 21, 1937. He was widely known as one of New Hampshire's leading Elks. He joined the Order as a member of Manchester, N.H., Lodge, No. 146. It was largely through his efforts that Franklin Lodge was organized 25 years ago and Mr. Bean was chosen as the Lodge's first Exalted Ruler. He served two terms.

Mr. Bean was Postmaster of Franklin for 12 years, and served in both the State Senate and the House of Representatives. From 1909 to 1923 he was the proprietor of the Pastime Theatre where he gave many





benefit performances for worthy causes. He was a communicant of St. Paul's Catholic Church in Franklin. The funeral services at St. Paul's were attended by representatives of Franklin Lodge and many members of Lodges in other parts of the State.

A Class of 32 Initiated by Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge

E.R. John Poole of Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, No. 299, and his staff of officers performed the ritualistic work recently in the initiation of 32 new members. The meeting was attended by a number of distinguished Wisconsin visitors, among them being State Pres. A. J. Geniesse of Green Bay Lodge. An entertaining feature of the program was the singing of several songs by the Elks Chorus of Fond du Lac. A delicious lunch was served by Steward Michael Biwerse. Ensign Dennis Biwerse, of the U.S.S. *Panay*, bombed on the Yangtze River, is a son of Mr. Biwerse.

Sheboygan Lodge received the official homecoming visit the next week from D.D. Jacob F. Federer, P.E.R.

First Annual Charity Ball at Middletown, N. Y., Lodge a Success

Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, held its first Annual Charity Ball on January 20 in the Middletown State Armory. The event was successful even beyond expectations, and was attended by more than 1,000 people. Reservations for 100 tables seating from four to 20 persons had been exhausted three weeks before, but the committees supervised the setting up of an additional number to accommodate the crowd. An entertainment program was presented and music was furnished by a local orchestra and one from New York City. Dancing continued throughout the evening except during the brief time when lights were dimmed and the Eleven O'Clock Toast was impressively given by P.E.R. C. C. Collesanti. The ceremony was conducted beneath an illuminated clock and was

Above and on opposite page: The officers of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge and the 75 members of the "Frank M. Miller 100 Club Class" who were initiated on the occasion of the official visit of D.D. Albert Kleps, Jr. Among the assembled Elks were several distinguished members of the Order.

followed by the singing of Auld Lang Syne by the entire audience.

Frank Degan was Chairman of the Dance Committee which was made up of all the members of the Lodge's Charity Committee. Before the ball, the Committee entertained the New York orchestra at dinner in the Lodge Home. The Charity Committee is holding a series of bingo parties every Monday night in the club rooms.

State Crippled Children Work Endorsed by Waycross, Ga., Lodge

At an enthusiastic meeting on "Homecoming Night" at Waycross, Ga., Lodge, No. 369, a motion made by State Vice-Pres. R. Sam Monroe, P.E.R., seconded by D. W. Morgan, and carried unanimously, placed every member of the Lodge solidly behind the Crippled Children movement recently adopted by the Ga. State Elks Assn. as its major charitable activity. A brilliant address by J. Clayton Burke, Secy. of Atlanta Lodge and Secy.-Treas. of the Crippled Children League of Georgia, was followed by a flood of cash contributions to the secretary's desk.

An invitation had been extended to "all Elks" to attend and the Lodge Home was crowded with members of the Order. A large class was initiated in honor of Mr. Burke, and Past State Pres. Walter E. Lee, P.E.R., made the introductions. A shrimp supper was served by the Entertainment Committee headed by Chairman J. K. Hilton.

Missoula, Mont., Lodge Visited by St. Maries, Ida., Elks

An inter-Lodge visit was made by St. Maries, Ida., Lodge, No. 1418, to

Missoula, "Hellgate," Mont., Lodge, No. 383, where initiation ceremonies were held with the ritualistic work being performed by the St. Maries Degree Team. One hundred Elks attended the banquet and meeting. The visitors were delighted with their fraternal reception, and praise was expressed by the local Elks for the efficiency of the St. Maries officers. A "Get-Together" followed the Lodge session and a Dutch Lunch was served in the Elks' dining room.

Important Post Retained by John J. Lermen of San Francisco Lodge

P.E.R. John J. Lermen of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, was recently re-appointed a member of the Park Commission of the city and county of San Francisco by Mayor Angelo J. Rossi. This is an important commission in that it has charge of all public parks and amusement places.

Mr. Lermen is a Past President of the California State Elks Association. He has long been a prominent figure in the civic and fraternal life of the community and an active member of the Bar Association. His first appointment was made to fill a vacancy. His re-appointment is a further endorsement of his ability and great knowledge of forestry and park work.

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Drill Team, the "Toppers," Wins Fame

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, has a fancy drill organization called the "Toppers" that has become famous on the West Coast and is in constant demand at outstanding functions. The members wear uniforms typical of The Jolly Corks, the founders of the Order. They drill to waltz, schottische, cakewalk and march time. The team carries its own orchestra and has two beautiful Majorettes, Jeanne Le Bouef and Jetsy Posthuma.

The "Toppers" is noted for its precision in all the intricacies that a star drill team is called upon to perform. The team was chosen by



State Pres. C. Fenton Nichols of San Francisco, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, as his escort on his official visit to Glen-

Below: The "Pasadena Elks Toppers", a handsomely uniformed marching group which is the pride of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge.

dale, Calif., Lodge, and was also selected as the unit accompanying the Tournament of Roses Band which led the famous Tournament of Roses parade on New Year's Day. Capt. Emmett Cook is Drill Master and W. O. Kelley is Manager. E.R. Dr. C. M. Winchell hopes to perfect arrangements whereby the team will accompany Pasadena Lodge to both the State and National Conventions this year.

State Association Night Meeting Held by Denver, Colo., Lodge

Thursday night, Jan. 27, was State Association Night at Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, featured by a fine program, a big feed and the presence of many leading Elks of the State. Among those who attended were Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Milton L. Anfenger, Denver; H. D. Ingalls, Boulder, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; Past State Pres.'s Jacob L. Sherman, Denver, Byron Albert, Fort Collins, George L. Hamlik, Central City, and H. D. Tobey, Boulder; State Secy. Pat Hurley, Fort Collins; Julian Blair, State Vice-Pres. for Colo. North; E.R.'s

David V. Kirkmeyer, Boulder, L. W. Curtis, Pueblo, and D. W. Wade, Fort Collins, and Secy. Thomas Andrew, Pueblo.

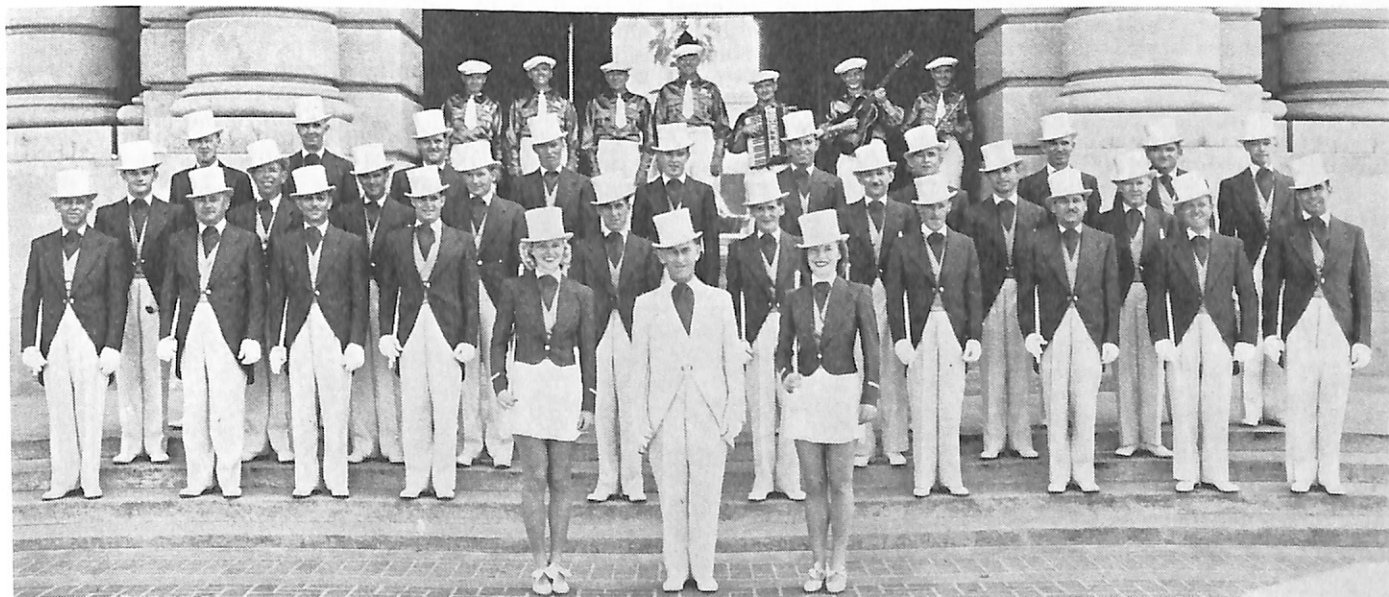
The date for the State Convention to be held at Ouray was set for June 3-4. The selection of Ouray as the convention city was a popular choice. Ouray Lodge No. 492 is one of the best, and Ouray is one of the most picturesque mining towns in the West and noted for its hospitality.

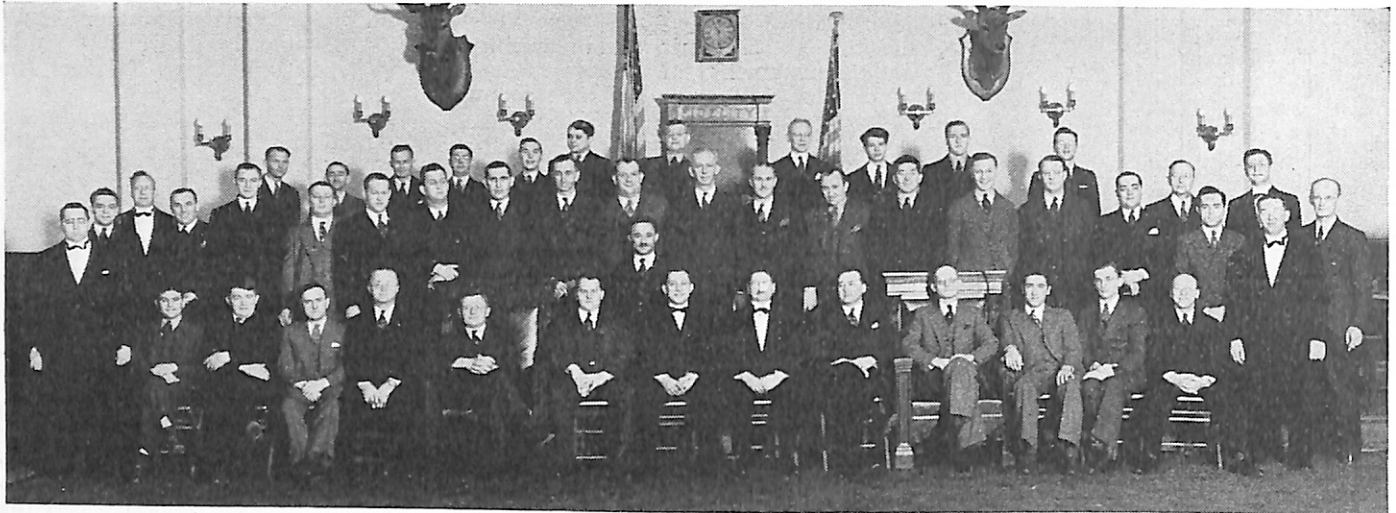
Successful Charity Ball Held by Lawrence, Kans., Elks

Lawrence, Kans., Lodge, No. 595, realized over \$500 from its Annual Charity Ball held at the close of the year for Elks and their ladies exclusively. Over two hundred were present, enjoying the dancing, bowling and card playing.

The Lodge is in a prosperous condition, with no debts and a good-sized sum in reserve. Its charitable activities are extensive.

At bottom: A large class of candidates which was recently initiated into Southampton, N. Y., Lodge on the occasion of the official visits of D.D. George I. Hall and State Vice-Pres. Lawrence I. Nicoll.





W. G. Kniffin

Homecoming Visit of D.D. Hamilton to Watertown, N. Y., Lodge

A large turnout of local members, and delegations from Lodges in the District, attended the homecoming reception and meeting at Watertown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 496, honoring P.E.R. Hugh E. Hamilton, D.D. for New York West Central. Despite the fact that there had been a snowfall of from 30 to 36 inches early in the week between Syracuse and Watertown, 25 officers and members of Syracuse Lodge made the trip by chartered bus. The ritualistic work was extremely good and the social session one of the best at which the Elks of that section had gathered during the season.

Manila, P. I., Lodge Dedicates Meeting to Its "Old Timers"

Manila, P. I., Lodge, No. 761, dedicated its meeting on December 1 to the "Old Timers" of the Lodge. The

Right: Members who were initiated recently into North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge. The class was the first in a series planned by the Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge

Below: Members of Manila, P. I., Lodge who were present at an old timers' meeting. Fifty Elks of long standing were honored

Above: Members of Reading, Pa., Lodge and a class of candidates which was recently initiated in honor of D.D. G. Russell Bender

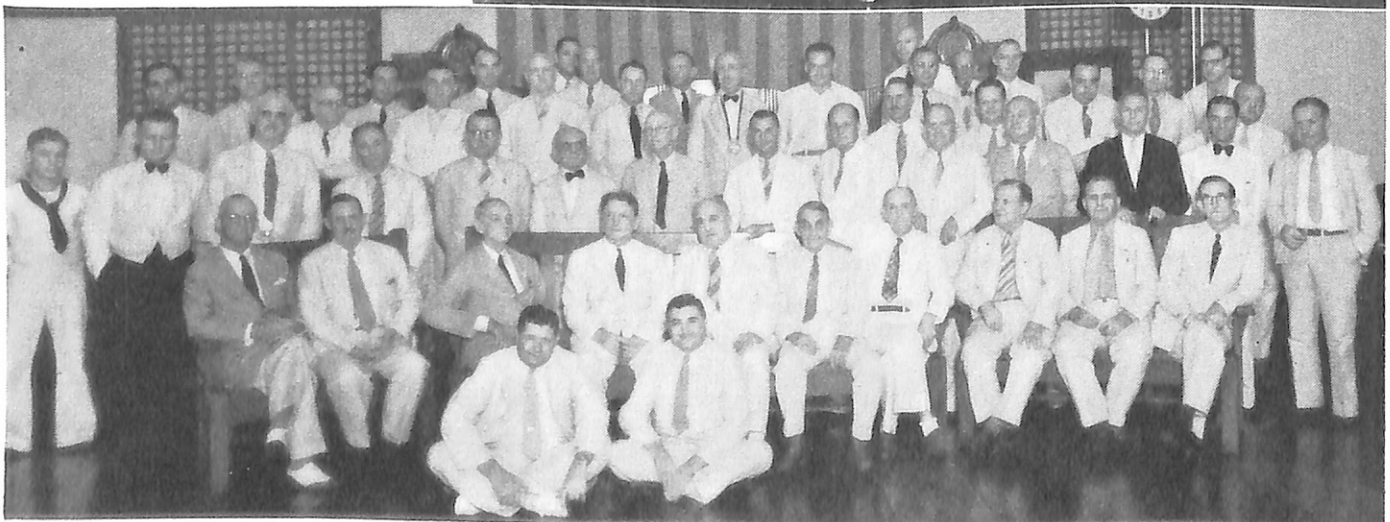
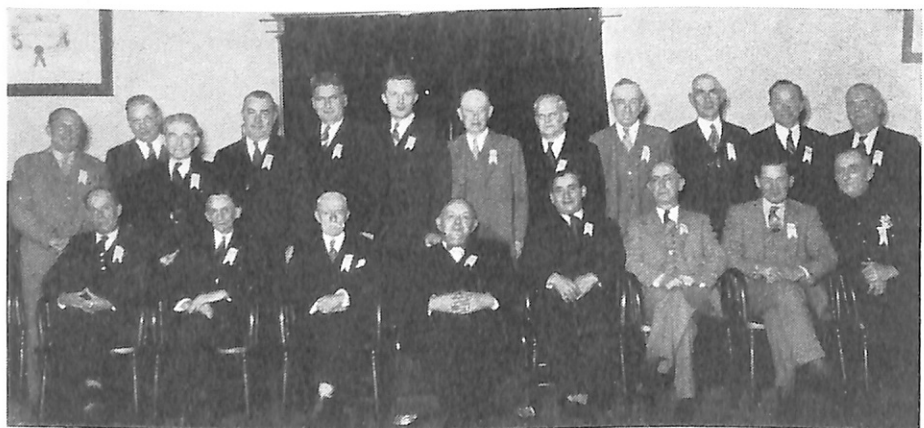
50 members residing in or near Manila, whose names appeared first on the roll, received special invitations. Twenty-one came and were given an enthusiastic reception by E.R. Leo Fischer and the whole Lodge. Addresses, mostly in a reminiscent vein, and full of interest, were made by P.E.R.'s Leon Rosenthal, Thomas J. Wolff, W. A. Heppell and L. D. Lockwood, and Major A. J. Brazee and Col. J. N. Wolfson, Refreshments were served afterward.

Orange, N. J. Elks Honor Their Chaplain, C. F. Werner, Jr.

Friends and fellow members assembled on January 11 at a dinner to celebrate the 75th birthday of Charles F. Werner, Jr., Chaplain of Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135. Mr. Werner has been an Elk for 47 years and has held office for 21 years.

On behalf of the officers and members, Assistant District Attorney-General William J. McCormack, P.E.R., presented the guest of honor with a gold card case, a facsimile of one the Lodge had given him many years ago.

(Continued on page 54)





Toledo, Ohio Lodge Presents a Candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, announces that it will submit the name of Grand Treasurer Dr. Edward James McCormick, Past Exalted Ruler of Toledo Lodge, as its candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order, at the 74th Reunion of the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City, N. J., next July.

Dr. McCormick's fraternal, professional and civic record definitely establishes him as one of America's outstanding citizens. His brilliant intellect and charming personality have endeared him to those whose privilege it has been to meet and know him. He is one of the most prominent surgeons in Toledo, where he and Mrs. McCormick enjoy an ideal home life with their children, three boys and three girls.

Initiated into Toledo Lodge in 1913, Dr. McCormick became immediately an ardent worker, serving in many capacities and being elected Exalted Ruler in 1921. His record that year won widespread recognition. He has devoted his energies continuously to State Association work and is a present member of the Ohio State Elks Association Scholarship Foundation. He served brilliantly as District Deputy for Ohio Northwest in 1929-30. In 1931 he was elected Grand Esteemed Leading Knight at the Seattle Grand Lodge Convention. During 1932, 1933 and 1934 he served on the Grand Lodge Activities Committee. He was appointed Grand Esquire in 1934, acting in that capacity at Columbus, O., in 1935. At this Convention he was elected to the office of Grand Treasurer in which he

is at present rendering valuable service, having been reelected at Los Angeles in 1936 and at Denver in 1937.

As a member of the Officers Reserve Corps, Dr. McCormick arrived in France in 1917 with the first contingent of American soldiers. He served in the trenches with the 46th North Midland Division, British Expeditionary Forces, for 18 months. From the rank of Lieutenant he was promoted to that of Major while in France and he received the Military Cross. Upon his return to the United States he was assigned to the Department of Surgery at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D.C., and later was commissioned Lieutenant Commander in the U. S. Naval Reserve. He is a Past Commander of Frank Ferneau Post of the American Legion and is now a member of Toledo Post.

As a citizen of Ohio Dr. McCormick has a State-wide reputation for integrity and achievement in countless activities of vast importance. He attended the public schools in Bradner and Toledo, O., and subsequently obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts and of Master of Arts. He was graduated by St. Louis University with the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1915. He is a Past President of the Academy of Medicine of Toledo and Lucas County, O., was formerly Chairman of the Surgical Section of the Ohio State Medical Association, and is a member of the American Medical Association, the Tri-State Medical Association, the Northwestern Ohio Medical Asso-

ciation and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He is at present Councillor of the Fourth District of the Ohio State Medical Association.

In 1926 Dr. McCormick was made a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons. He is a Director of Surgery at the Lucas County Hospital, Secretary of Staff and a member of the Advisory Committee of St. Vincent's Hospital, and a visiting surgeon to Mercy and Toledo Hospitals. For many years he served as surgeon to St. Anthony's Orphanage. In 1934 St. Louis University Chapter of Alpha Omega Alpha, National Honorary Medical Fraternity, initiated him to membership because of his outstanding work in the field of surgery. Dr. Edward James McCormick is a Past President and a member of the Board of Directors of the Toledo Lions Club. During 1934 and 1935 he served as a member of the Lucas County Charter Commission. At present he is Chairman of the Court of Honor of Toledo Area Council Boy Scouts of America, a member of the Board of Trustees of Toledo University and also of Toledo Chapter of the American Red Cross. He is a Past President of the Toledo City Manager League.

It seems fitting in closing this notice of Dr. McCormick's candidacy to quote as follows from the official announcement made by his Lodge: "Such a man whose record now stands complete before you, we proudly present as a Brother worthy to become Grand Exalted Ruler of our beloved Fraternity."

Alexandria, Va., Lodge Presents A Candidate for Grand Treasurer

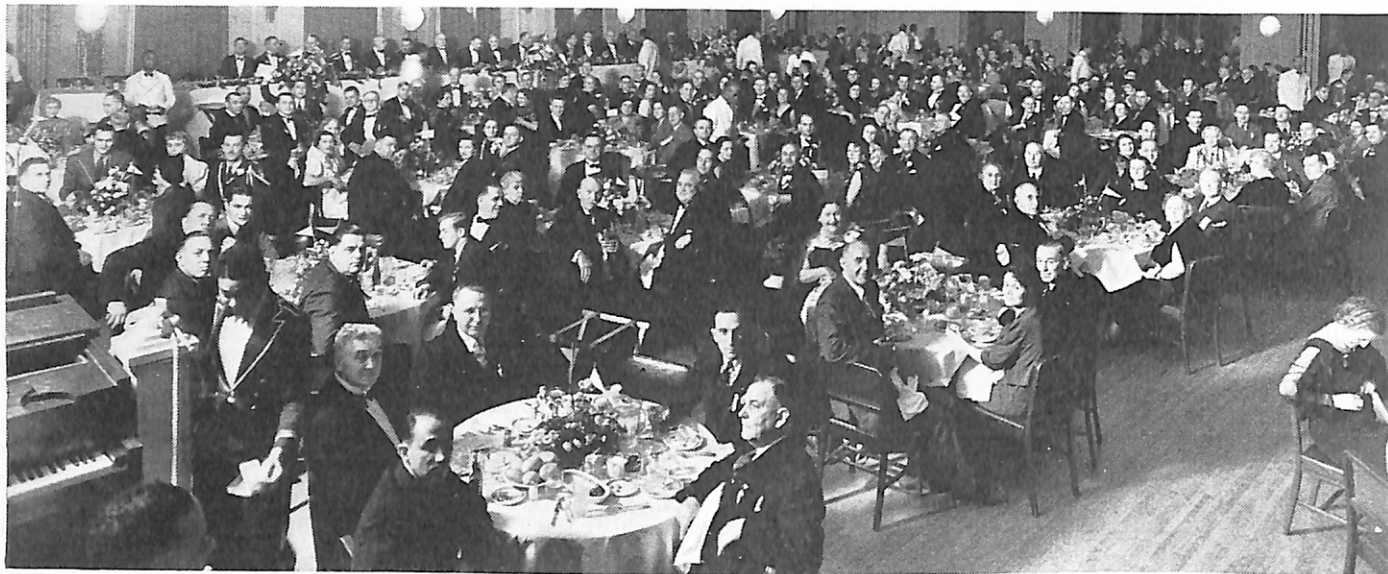
Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, has announced that it will present the name of Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Robert S. Barrett at the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City this coming July as its candidate for the office of Grand Treasurer. Mr. Barrett is a Past Exalted Ruler of Alexandria Lodge and has taken an active part in the affairs of the Order for more than 30 years.

In 1913 Mr. Barrett was appointed District Deputy for Virginia West. For the greater part of the next eight years he was out of the country in the service of the United States Gov-

ernment. On his return to America he demonstrated his interest in the Order's welfare by acting in various capacities and with such success that in 1925 he was appointed District Deputy for a second time. In 1926 he became a member of the Grand Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee and in 1927, at the Cincinnati Convention, he was elected Grand Esteemed Leading Knight. In 1928-29 Mr. Barrett was a member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, and in 1929-30, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committees. In 1930-31-32 he served again on the Good

of the Order Committee, acting as Chairman. He served on the Grand Lodge Activities Committee in 1932-33, on the Walter P. Andrews Memorial Committee in 1935, and on the Fred Harper Memorial Committee in 1937.

MR. BARRETT has rendered valuable service to the Virginia State Elks Association. He has been Chairman of many important Committees including the Social and Community Welfare Committee which organized the special welfare work that is being carried on by the Association.



Above: Elks of Dayton, Ohio, Lodge who gathered together at a banquet in honor of the visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

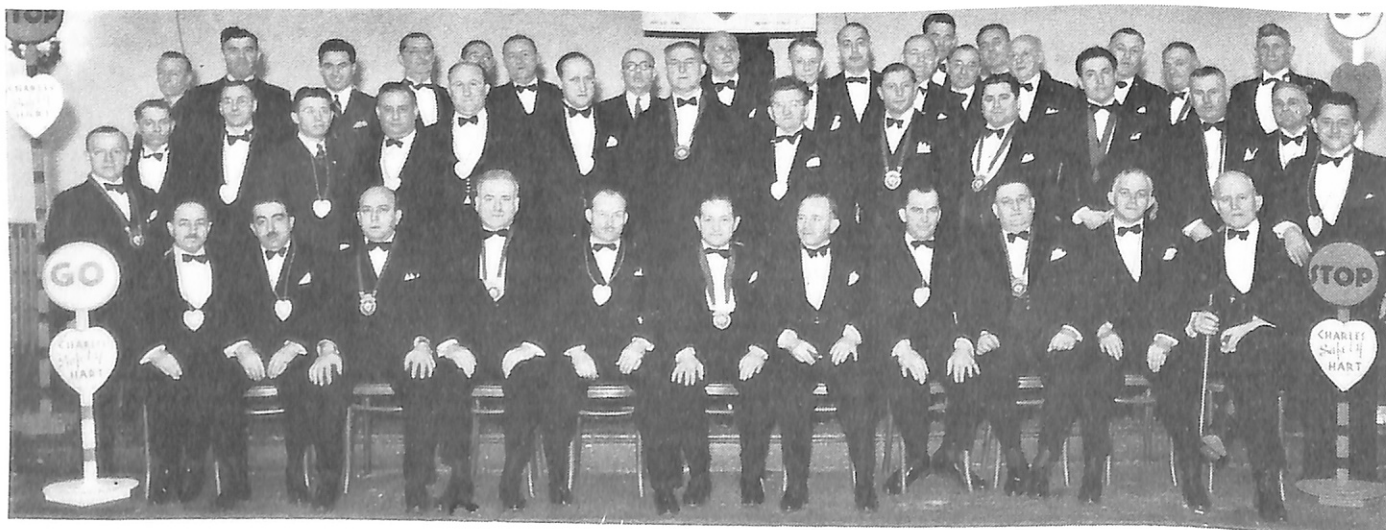
GRAND EXALTED RULER CHARLES SPENCER HART spent several days around the middle of January in fraternizing with the members of Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948, Miami Beach Lodge, No. 1601, and other Elks of the vicinity, making his official visit to Miami Lodge on January 19. Upon his arrival in the Miami harbor he was greeted by Exalted Rulers Chelsie J. Senerchia, Miami, and Audley S. Frink, Miami Beach; Mayor Robert Williams, Miami; representatives of the Chambers of Commerce; Chief of Police N. Leslie Quigg and the members of his department, and many others. Taking an active part in welcoming and entertaining the distinguished visitor during his stay were I. Walter Hawkins, De Land, D.D. for Fla. East, and R. Vivian Lee, Fort Myers, D.D. for Fla. West; Past State Pres.'s Caspian Hale, New Smyrna, former Chairman of the

Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and L. F. McCready, Miami; State Vice-Pres. Thomas J. Kelly, Miami; P.D.D.'s W. A. Wall, West Palm Beach, Arthur C. O'Hea, Fort Lauderdale, and Charles Rosencranz of Long Branch, N. J., and the Chairman of Arrangements Chaplain Edgar L. Keuling of Miami Lodge. The usual round of dinners and luncheons were part of the program and a visit was made for an afternoon's racing to Hialeah Park where the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were guests of President Joseph P. Widener of the Miami Jockey Club, viewing the races from the President's box.

The presence of Grand Exalted

Below: Major Hart, officers of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge and visiting dignitaries who were all at the Home of Brooklyn Lodge when Major Hart visited there recently.

Ruler Hart in the Home of Miami Lodge at the official meeting attracted the largest attendance in the Lodge's history. The room was taxed to capacity, and the 225 extra chairs brought in for the accommodation of those Elks who had not been among the early arrivals were not enough to provide a sufficient number of seats. Representative delegations of Miami Beach, West Palm Beach and Fort Lauderdale Lodges participated. A class of 24 candidates was initiated. Major Hart made the only address of the evening. In his talk he paid tribute to the South's great leaders and to Gen. Robert E. Lee in particular. After the meeting the crowd crossed the street to a large cafeteria to spend the rest of the evening. A fine lunch was served to more than 600 and a floor show of 12 picked acts from the leading night spots was presented. Before the closing act the



Grand Exalted Ruler took his place at the entrance where he personally met every Elk present. Dancing was continued until a late hour.

Major Hart made his Monday night broadcast in Miami over Station WQAM (CBS), being introduced by Judge J. Wayne Allen of Miami Lodge. A formal announcement was also made that electrical transcriptions in connection with the Grand Exalted Ruler's traffic safety campaign would be broadcast for 13 weeks over the same station. The broadcasts were arranged by the Chaplain, Mr. Keuling, who is Chairman of the local Traffic Safety Committee.

THE city of Sanford joined in the Elks' welcome when Major Hart made an official visit to Sanford, Fla., Lodge, No. 1241. This was the first time in the 26 years of its existence that the Lodge had been honored by the presence of a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order. A motorcade of 20 automobiles, headed by Exalted Ruler George E. Thurston and Mayor Ed Higgins, met Major Hart and his party at Five Points, intersection of Oviedo and Orlando highways, and escorted him into Sanford.

At 6 P.M. a banquet was given in his honor at the Mayfair Hotel with a floor show sponsored by the Rainbow Room of the Orange City Hotel. Other speakers besides Major Hart, who delivered the main address of the evening, were Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, former Governor of Florida and Past

Right: The Grand Exalted Ruler received the Key of the City of Sanford, Fla., from Mayor Edward Higgins when Major Hart visited that City. Around him is grouped a large number of distinguished Florida Elks.

Below: Prominent Michigan Elks who were present to pay honor to Major Hart at a banquet tendered him by Detroit, Mich., Lodge.

Grand Exalted Ruler Continues Broadcasts

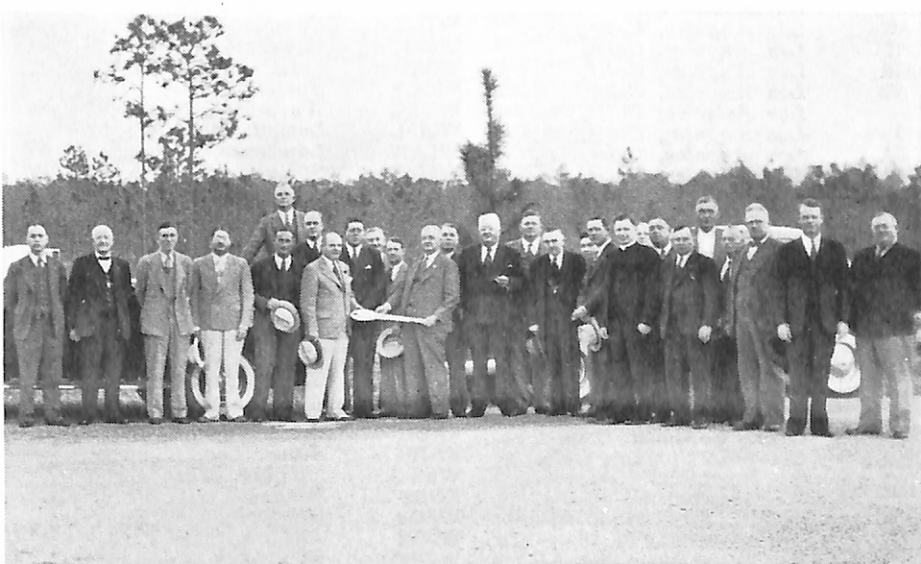
One of the most important broadcasts in which the Grand Exalted Ruler has participated was on Tuesday, January 25, from station WJZ, over the blue network of the National Broadcasting Company. Participating with Major Hart were Dr. Miller McClintock, Director, Bureau of Street Traffic Research, Harvard University, and John M. Lessells, Associate Professor of Mechanical Engineering, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. During the broadcast Police Commissioner Valentine listened in from the control room.

Dr. McClintock and Professor Lessells predicted the steering of cars by unseen hands, batteries of windshield wipers beneath cars to dry roads, automatic highway illumination where automobiles would turn on extra lighting by the control of photo-electric cells, and other wonders. The predictions of these scientists received wide notice in magazines and press throughout the country.

Major Hart's next broadcast was on January 29 at Philadelphia over station WIP with former Commissioner of Public Welfare Charles H. Grakelow, Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order.

Exalted Ruler of Daytona Beach Lodge; Exalted Ruler Judge Herbert B. Frederick, Daytona Beach, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and District Deputy Hawkins. Past Exalted Ruler O. P. Herndon of Sanford Lodge was Master of Ceremonies. Included in the large number of prominent Florida

Elks attending were State Pres. Frank B. Corboy, Orlando, Past State Pres. J. Edwin Baker, West Palm Beach Lodge, Superintendent of the Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Home at Umatilla, and Mr. Hale. In addition to those heretofore mentioned, Cocoa, Arcadia, New Smyrna
(Continued on page 52)



Radio Stations Using Electrical Transcriptions on Elks' Traffic Safety Broadcasts



HIGHLY encouraging reports have been received from every section of the country as to the effectiveness of the thirteen weeks' electrical radio transcription program, sponsored by Lodges and State Associations in connection with traffic safety. Since the last listing of radio stations using these recordings, new ones are being periodically reported and are included in the following list.

In some cases it has been found that stations are carrying the program and that no report of this fact has been made to the office of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Should any radio station in your vicinity be carrying the 13 weeks' electrical transcription program and not appear on this list, please write to the office of the Grand Exalted Ruler so that it may be included on the complete schedule.

WHBB	Selma, Ala.	WFBM	{ Indianapolis, Ind.	WHKC	Columbus, Ohio
WSFA	Montgomery, Ala.	WIRE		KTOK	Oklahoma City, Okla.
WAPI	{ Birmingham, Ala.	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa	KGFF	Shawnee, Okla.
WBRC		KFNH	Shenandoah, Iowa	KBIX	Muskogee, Okla.
WSGN		KFH	Wichita, Kansas	KHBG	Okmulgee, Okla.
WALA	Mobile, Ala.	KWBG	Hutchinson, Kansas	KCRC	Enid, Okla.
KVOA	Tucson, Ariz.	KSAL	Salina, Kansas	WBBZ	Ponce City, Okla.
KSUN	Lowell, Ariz.	WIBW	Topeka, Kansas	KASA	Elk City, Okla.
KCRJ	Jerome, Ariz.	KOAM	Pittsburg, Kansas	KORE	Eugene, Ore.
KOY	{ Phoenix, Ariz.	WWL	New Orleans, La.	KSLM	Salem, Ore.
KTAR		KALB	Alexandria, La.	KEX	{ Portland, Ore.
KYA	San Francisco, Calif.	KRMD	Shreveport, La.	KGW	
KHSL	Chico, Calif.	WCBS	Portland, Maine	WHJB	Greensburg, Pa.
KFAC	Los Angeles, Calif.	WTBO	Cumberland, Md.	WORK	York, Pa.
KEHE	Los Angeles, Calif.	WJEJ	Hagerstown, Md.	WAZL	Hazleton, Pa.
KMTR	Los Angeles, Calif.	WSAL	Salisbury, Md.	WEST	Easton, Pa.
KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.	WCOP	Boston, Mass.	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.
KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.	WORC	Worcester, Mass.	WEAN	Providence, R. I.
KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.	WLLH	Lowell, Mass.	WCSC	Charleston, S. C.
KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.	WLAW	Lawrence, Mass.	KABR	Aberdeen, S. D.
KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.	WMAS	Springfield, Mass.	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. D.
KRKD	Los Angeles, Calif.	WXYZ	Detroit, Mich.	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
KIEV	Glendale, Calif.	WBEO	Marquette, Mich.	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
KFOX	{ Long Beach, Calif.	WIBM	Jackson, Mich.	KWTN	Watertown, S. D.
KGER		WKZO	Kalamazoo, Mich.	KOBH	Rapid City, S. D.
KERN	Bakersfield, Calif.	WBCM	Bay City, Mich.	WAPO	Chattanooga, Tenn.
KMJ	Fresno, Calif.	WJIM	Lansing, Mich.	WTJS	Jackson, Tenn.
KYOS	Merced, Calif.	WELL	Battle Creek, Mich.	KLUF	Galveston, Texas
KTMS	Santa Barbara, Calif.	WDFD	Flint, Mich.	KGNC	Amarillo, Texas
KMPC	Beverly Hills, Calif.	WOOD	{ Grand Rapids, Mich.	KGKB	Tyler, Texas
KTCC	Visalia, Calif.	WASH		KPAC	Port Arthur, Texas
KFAK	Greeley, Colo.	WTCN	St. Paul, Minn.	KTSM	El Paso, Texas
KFXJ	Grand Junction, Colo.	KROC	Rochester, Minn.	KTEM	Temple, Texas
KVOR	Colorado Springs, Colo.	KATE	Albert Lea, Minn.	KNOW	Austin, Texas
WTIC	Hartford, Conn.	WMFG	Hibbing, Minn.	KTAT	Fort Worth, Texas
WDEL	Wilmington, Del.	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn.	KSUB	Cedar City, Utah
WFLA	Clearwater, Fla.	WFOR	Hattiesburg, Miss.	KEUB	Price, Utah
WTAL	Tallahassee, Fla.	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.	KLO	Ogden, Utah
WFOY	St. Augustine, Fla.	WQBC	Vicksburg, Miss.	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
WIOD	Miami, Fla.	KMOX		WCAX	Burlington, Vt.
WDBO	Orlando, Fla.	KSD	{ St. Louis, Missouri	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.	KGIR		KHQ	Spokane, Wash.
WSB	Atlanta, Ga.	KFB	Butte, Montana	KIT	Yakima, Wash.
WRBL	Columbus, Ga.	KMMJ	Great Falls, Montana	KUJ	Walla Walla, Wash.
WGPC	Albany, Ga.	KGKY	Clay Center, Neb.	KIRO	Seattle, Wash.
KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho	KOIL	Scotts Bluff, Neb.	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.
KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho	KOH	Omaha, Neb.	KMO	Tacoma, Wash.
KTFI	Twin Falls, Idaho	WFEA	Reno, Nevada	KELA	Centralia, Wash.
KIDO	Boise, Idaho	KGFL	Manchester, N. H.	KGy	Olympia, Wash.
WROK	Rockford, Ill.	KGGM	Roswell, N. Mex.	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.	KICA	Albuquerque, N. Mex.	WCHS	Charleston, W. Va.
WCBS	Springfield, Ill.	KRQA	Clovis, N. Mex.	WKBH	La Crosse, Wis.
WTAD	Quincy, Ill.	KAWM	Santa Fe, N. Mex.	WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.
WTMY	East St. Louis, Ill.	WSYR	Carlsbad, N. Mex.	WIBA	Madison, Wis.
WEBQ	Harrisburg, Ill.	WNEW	Gallup, N. Mex.	WTAQ	Green Bay, Wis.
WHFC	Cicero, Ill.	WBT	Syracuse, New York	WHBL	Sheboygan, Wis.
WHBF	Rock Island, Ill.	KOVC	Newark, New Jersey	WEAU	Eau Claire, Wis.
WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.	KLPM	Charlotte, N. C.	WSAU	Wausau, Wis.
WKVB	Richmond, Ind.	KFYR	Valley City, N. D.	KGMB	
WTRC	Elkhart, Ind.	WKBN	Minot, N. D.	KGU	{ Honolulu, T. H.
WIND	Gary, Ind.	WHBC	Bismarck, N. D.	KHBC	Hilo, T. H.
WEOA	Evansville, Ind.	WJW	Youngstown, Ohio		
WOWO	Ft. Wayne, Ind.		Canton, Ohio		
WSBT	South Bend, Ind.		Akron, Ohio		

What America Is Reading

Highlights in
New Books by
Harry Hansen

LONG before the motion pictures presented the life of Louis Pasteur in the films, Paul De Kruif portrayed, in glowing prose, the high drama of the fight against disease in "Microbe Hunters" and similar books. Always in touch with the advancing ranks in preventive medicine, he now describes, in "The Fight for Life", what victories and defeats accompany attempts to stamp out tuberculosis, conquer infantile paralysis, save mothers from the dangers attending or following childbirth, begin the campaign against syphilis. Valiant blows have been struck against the enemy, but the battle is not yet won.

This book is highly important reading for all of us because we are deeply concerned in the advance of medical science. The pioneers who fight, as Dr. Joseph B. De Lee does in the Chicago Maternity Center, need the support of public opinion to spread their ideas. The backwardness of the medical profession is incredible, says Dr. De Kruif; even in the United States "of the American mothers who bear children, close to one out of every 400 dies the needless death from infection." But the public is backward, too; it doesn't realize the enormity of tuberculosis, for instance, because indifference, secrecy and ignorance keep it dark. The Chicago fight against syphilis was led by O. C. Wenger, who carried on the campaign suggested by Thomas Parran, Surgeon General, but Wenger has been called off because of his own need for rest.

Dr. De Kruif finds the best minds in the medical profession agreed that the serious diseases of American life are no longer private matters between patient and physician, but need to be fought by the community and the nation as they would fight fire and crime. Health services must have money from public appropriations. The United States Public Health Service must be expanded to fight the devastating plagues on all fronts. Dr. De Kruif gets into the fight by declaring that there must not be any money consideration between the people and the fighters for their lives. "This reporter believes that all considerations of private profit are not only wasteful but in-



Munroe Leaf, the author of "Ferdinand," a best-selling story of a Spanish bull which refuses to fight in bull fights, which is delighting thousands of readers.



From the jacket drawing of "Hell on Ice": saga of the "Jeanette" published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

famous if they frustrate the fight for life, if they deny the right of one human being to live." (Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$3)

WHEN Abraham Lincoln decided to read out loud, in order to remember better, he drove his law partner, William H. Herndon, right out of their little Springfield office. Herndon wrote: "Sometimes in reading he would have his body on the sofa, one foot on one chair and one foot on the table. He spilt himself out easily over one-quarter of the room." He was a long-limbed, sinewy fellow, but Herndon thought he had one of the best-balanced heads in America, and that when he was assassinated at the age of 56, he was just on the brink of his full intellectual maturity.

I don't know when I have read so much about Lincoln's Springfield days; Herndon is bursting with it. He published his biography in 1889, and now, in "The Hidden Lincoln", Emanuel Hertz publishes the letters and papers of Herndon. They show how much he suppressed, and how much his editorial advisers rubbed out of his book. For Herndon believed in Lincoln as a man and not as a demigod. So he wrote to everyone who had known Lincoln, asking for bits of testimony, anecdote, evidence. What he received was often sensational.

Herndon had his own reasons for believing that Abraham was not the son of Thomas Lincoln; these letters explain his belief in the Enloe theory, which is doubted by many historians. Here are innumerable anecdotes about Lincoln's tempestuous married life—the fights he had with his wife, her ungovernable temper. Herndon thinks Mary Todd never forgave Lincoln for postponing their wedding and for mooning over Ann Rutledge. To Herndon she was a tigress, the "female wildcat". So the Lincoln survivors didn't like Herndon.

In the disputes that have raged around the Lincoln legend the truth has become pretty well established. Lincoln was a son of the prairie, a shrewd, ambitious, generous man, who knew how to play the political game. Attempts to disparage him merely bring to light that he was human like the rest of his contemporaries, and not a genius. "The Hidden Lincoln" contains many controversial passages, but in its mingling of gossip and truth it tells pretty much what the world talked about when Lincoln lived, before people tried to take him away from the prairie where he belonged. (Viking Press, \$5)

"HELL ON ICE"

OF all the expeditions that set out to discover the North Pole, that of the *Jeanette* in 1879 provided a national sensation. The *Jeanette* had only 420 tons displacement and was

(Continued on page 50)

Public Playboy No. 1

(Continued from page 9)

changed your mind, I'll never take another drink."

"You've always counted."

"In a nice, brotherly fashion! I'm talking about *really* counting. All right, we'll see. Lee, will you marry me?"

"Not this week."

"Next?"

"Probably not. This is radio's big year. I haven't time to get married."

"Lee," Toby said.

"Lee . . . I love you . . ."

His arms had been around her, his lips against hers. Swiftly, suddenly, so that her mouth and her body yielded involuntarily before the stern common sense that told her Toby Thomas was no husband for any woman, forced her to push him away, laughing.

"Toby, you idiot!"

But Toby was not laughing. He was studying her, and his face was grim.

"Idiot," he said after a while. "Idiot. Yes, I suppose I am. What would you want with Public Playboy No. 1?"

He had picked up his hat.

What was it Dr. Macy had said? He had been—in bad shape—last night at El Morocco.

John Howard was sitting at his desk when she entered. His eyes were cold steel.

"Thomas hasn't shown up for rehearsal at all. Forty-five minutes to go."

"Did you call his hotel?"

"He didn't come in last night. He got in a fight in one of the bars. It's in all the afternoon papers . . ."

"A fight? He wasn't . . . hurt?"

"I don't know. He's disappeared."

"The broadcast?"

"I was going to cancel . . ."

"Cancel Golden Bakeries! Why, it would cost us . . ."

"I know what it would cost us. But it seemed the only thing we could do until I remembered Melvin."

"Melvin's never been on the air. There isn't time."

"He's in with Wayne and the orchestra now, rehearsing like mad. I've told him it's his big chance. If he makes good, I'll sell him to Harry Golden for the rest of the Baking series, if it's the last thing I ever do."

"But Toby has a contract!"

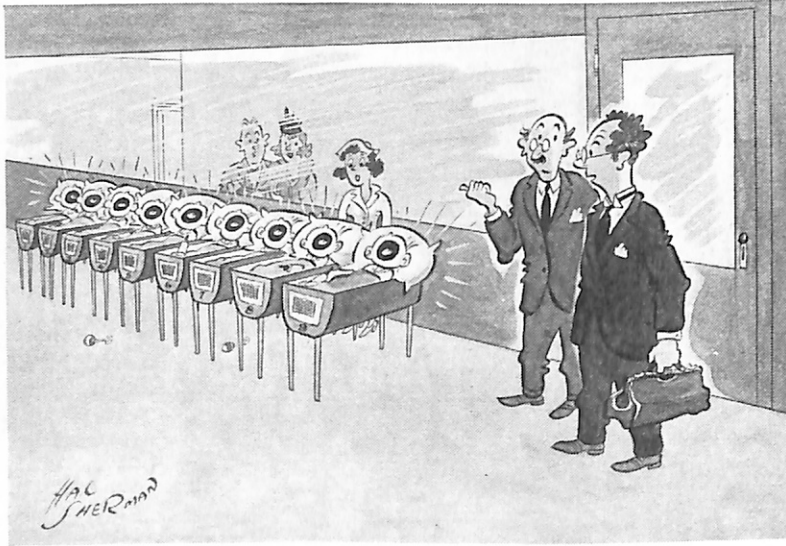
"Contract! He's violated every contract he ever had, with his fool-

ishness. I've had all I can stand, Lee. This time he's out for good."

There was a long silence and then John Howard said, "Try to snap out of it, Lee. Toby's not the man for you. You must know it."

"What?"

"Oh, I've watched you struggle with it ever since the night of his first program. Use your head, girl."



"That's Nurse Jones in back of the eight bowl."

You think you're in love with him, but what would you get out of it? A lifetime of worry."

So John Howard *had* known. All along, she and Toby had thought they were so careful. In her position she couldn't have friendships with the radio artists. She must remain always a little aloof. She saw herself and Toby racing through the country in his open car . . . turning to a golden brown on the beach . . . risking their necks learning to ski . . . having dinner in the quiet places they thought no one knew about . . . and they probably hadn't fooled anyone, except themselves.

" . . . and the miracle is that he hasn't got your name into the papers into the bargain," Howard's voice went on.

Lee got up suddenly.

"It doesn't matter now. The important thing is to get a program on the air. Let's go in and hear Melvin."

An hour later she turned to John Howard in the clients' room above the studio where Bob Melvin was just fading off the air for Golden Bakeries. "You were right, John. It's a beautiful voice. I don't believe Harry Golden can feel we let him down."

"The boy's a find. I'm positively glad Toby walked out on us." His

joyful tone softened. "Let me take you home, Lee. You're tired. The conference on that new serial can wait."

"I'm not tired. I'd rather do it tonight."

She couldn't go home. She couldn't face it yet . . . the torture . . . the uncertainty. Where was Toby? What was he doing? Was he hurt . . . in trouble? Why . . . why?

"If you married him you'd have that all your life," her mind said, over and over. And her heart answered, "If you had married him, he would have been different. He loved you. You could have saved him. It's too late now."

Too late . . . too late now. "Yes, it's a good script. Needs speeding up. . . . I didn't like the lead in the audition. I've asked for a thirteen weeks' outline." Too late now . . . "Scripts in advance for the first three weeks." Too late, Lee . . . too late . . . too late now. . . .

Several hours later her secretary opened the door of her private office.

"I'm sorry, Miss Holcomb. I said you were in conference. But it's the hospital calling."

The hospital! Toby?

Dr. Macy's voice was quiet, but very serious.

"Nancy's having a bad time. She was bitterly disappointed when she didn't hear Thomas tonight. She had a crying spell . . . and her condition isn't so good."

Nancy. Listening in vain for Toby.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I should have phoned. Toby is . . . ill . . . and wasn't able to go on."

"I see." There was a pause. "Nancy is very restless. She wants to see you. I know you're busy, but . . . I thought you'd want me to call you."

"But, it's after visiting hours, isn't it?"

There was another pause. Then Dr. Macy said quietly, "That doesn't matter, now."

"Doctor Macy, you don't mean that . . . Nancy isn't . . .?"

"I think you had better come as soon as possible, Miss Holcomb."

Lee went cold as she replaced the receiver. She had grown used to the drama of the Iron Lung. The horror which the instrument had in-

spired in her at first had given way to gratitude as she watched it faithfully render its service. One day Nancy's own little lungs would take up their function again. She would grow well and strong. She had known Dr. Macy was anxious, but doctors are always pessimists. Nancy was always so bright, so eager. Now...

"What is it?" John Howard was demanding. "What is it, Lee?"

Her hands were shaking so she could hardly adjust her hat. What was she going to do? Oh, where was Toby? How could she find him? That place in the Village... a bar on the East Side... perhaps he had gone to his club...

She wrote a list of addresses and telephone numbers and called her secretary. "Keep trying until you locate Toby Thomas," she told her. "The minute you find him, call me at the hospital."

John Howard barred her path as she turned to go.

"You're not leaving until you tell me what's the matter."

"It's Nancy, John—the little girl at the hospital. I've got to find Toby for her. She's... dying... I'm afraid."

"That's—too bad." He put his hand on her shoulder. "What's Toby Thomas got to do with it?"

"She—she loves him, John?"

"Loves him! Great Jupiter!"

"She heard his voice over the radio. He sounds like her daddy."

"Then why doesn't she listen to her own father?"

"Her father's dead. I've got to go now, John. I've got to hurry."

She faced him steadily. "Do you really want to do something, John? Something that might save a little girl's life?"

"I'm driving you to the hospital."

"No. But you might find—Toby Thomas."

The corridors were darkened, and quiet, though the sound of a spoon against a glass and the tinkling of ice came from the diet kitchen. Lee went on down the hall to the room where the Iron Lung stood. The door was ajar. Dr. Macy stood beside Nancy. The night nurse was filling a hypodermic needle under the shaded light in the corner. She could hear the child gasp. She went forward and spoke quietly.

"Nancy... Nancy dear. What are you doing—awake at this hour?"

"Lee... where is he... Toby... Toby? I want Toby."

"Why, sweetheart... I am sorry you were disappointed, but Toby had a little cold tonight and he

couldn't sing. You know how singers are when they get the least little snuffle. It's nothing. He's better already."

"Lee... he isn't... Toby isn't... dead?"

"Goodness, no, Nancy. He's as healthy as can be."

"And he hasn't gone away? He hasn't... stopped singing?"

Lee cast an agonized look at Dr. Macy, but his face was in shadow. Did she dare lie to the child? What should she say? Then she heard her own voice reply calmly, "Of course not, Nancy. He will be back... well, maybe not tomorrow—that's Friday... because he's still a little... husky. But Monday, certainly."

"Oh"... A long, faint sigh of relief. Lee stood for what seemed an endless time, stroking the damp curls. But when she finally tiptoed from the room, Nancy was sleeping peacefully.

Dr. Macy was peering from the corridor window into the darkness outside. She went to stand beside him.

"Is she out of danger now?"

"Yes, for the moment. It's tomorrow I'm worrying about. Tell me the truth. Is Thomas off for good?"

"Yes."

"That's—too bad."

"Doctor, is it so important?"

"I'm afraid it is. You see, he was about all she had to hold on to. Well, thanks for coming. You may as well go home now, Miss Holcomb. I hope she'll sleep for several hours now."

"You'll call me if there's—a change?"

"Yes. And tomorrow... I fear we'll have to prepare her for the truth."

Prepare her... for a world without Toby, a world Lee herself couldn't face.

"No word for me?" Lee asked the telephone operator as she went out. "Nothing, Miss Holcomb."

"If any calls come through, they'll find me at home."

She was unlocking her door when the phone rang. Her secretary's voice came over the wire, wearily.

"I've called all those places, Miss Holcomb... and I've kept on trying the club and the hotel. Mr. Thomas hasn't come in."

"Thank you, Jane. Go home and go to bed, now. And come in late in the morning."

Mr. Thomas hadn't come in. So he didn't know yet that he was a fallen star of the air waves. John Howard would never take him back. John Howard had been wanting this to happen for a long, long time.

But maybe Mr. Thomas would never come in. Maybe operators would keep on saying it always—"Mr. Thomas has left town, Madam... Mr. Thomas has left the country, Madam... Mr. Thomas died this afternoon, Madam..."

That was it. That had to be it. Toby couldn't do a thing so terrible as this. He must be dead...

She called the hospitals. No one answering his description had been brought in. She looked up the telephone number of the morgue. But she couldn't... she couldn't... she'd wait. The night of agony dragged on.

Somewhere a bell buzzed... loudly... insistently.

She must have gone to sleep in her chair, the telephone at her elbow. She hadn't even taken off her coat. She looked at her clock. It was four o'clock in the morning. The bell buzzed again. She opened the door to admit John Howard. With him, very white, very shaky and very sober, was Toby Thomas.

"Here he is," said Howard. "That's what you wanted, wasn't it... for me to find Thomas?"

But Lee didn't hear him. Her hands were on Toby's shoulders.

"Toby," she demanded. "Are you all right? Are you hurt?"

"No," said Toby. "Worse luck... I'm not even hurt."

"Please—come in."
"I'll be getting along," said John Howard. "After all, I've got to get a little sleep. The studio's only a side-line, I know, but



It says—'Kenneth Baggot, Glasier.'

somebody's got to show up."

"I'll go, too," Toby said.

"You'll stay right here till Lee gets through with you. How's the youngster, Lee?"

"I don't know. She was asleep when I left."

"Good. I'll see you in the morning."

Her promise . . . her promise to Nancy. She must tell John . . . she must make him understand.

The torrent of words poured out. It was seldom the efficient young program director gave way, but tonight she was begging for a child's life . . . and the man she loved.

John Howard heard her through. When at last she was silent he shook his head.

"Sorry, Lee. I'd like to please the youngster, but we've got the public to think of."

"But the public wants Toby!"

"It can't have him. Toby's through, and he knows it."

His hands closed over hers. She suddenly realized how tired he looked. For a long time she had taken John Howard's love for her for granted, but for a moment she had an understanding of what the night had meant to him. And he thought he was acting for her good.

"I'm sorry it had to happen to you, Lee. If I could change things, I would. But the incident's closed. Please don't bring it up again. Good night, my dear."

The door shut behind him. Lee and Toby were alone. Lee turned to him, questions and reproaches on her lips. She saw his dear, worried face . . . his unruly, curly hair. And then suddenly they were in one another's arms. Toby was safe. He loved her. She loved him . . . dear, adorable Toby . . . she might have lost him forever. What if he had jammed up a major program . . . what if he had worried her to death . . . they were together again.

They said it over and over to each other, quite foolishly — "I love you, I love you."

There was a streak of light at the window. Lee was suddenly aghast.

"Toby — it's daylight!"

Toby laughed. "You're compromised. You'll have to marry me."

"I suppose so. Oh, well, I can keep you under lock and key."

"You mean . . . you do love me, Lee —

enough to marry me?"

"Yes. Toby, you'll never do it again, will you?"

His gray eyes looked straight into hers.

"I shan't make any more promises. But—if you'll marry me, I'll try to keep you from ever . . . regretting it. I know I'm an idiot, but . . . I love you so . . . perhaps I can behave."

"Toby!"

After a time, he said, "But we can't be married till I get a job . . . and my job's radio, Lee. And it looks as though I'm off the network for good."

His voice held a note of despair.

"Oh, Toby . . . it can't be . . . it just can't be. You have been foolish . . . but you don't deserve this. Darling, you haven't even told me why you missed the broadcast yesterday."

"Car broke down as I was driving back from the country and I couldn't get a train."

"What were you doing in the country?"

"It sounds senseless. But last night, after I left you, I was desperate. And—I made a fool of myself, I guess. Anyhow, along toward morning I decided to drive up to my place in Connecticut to think things out. And I did. It all seemed clear enough up there . . . how foolish I had been about everything. I de-

cided to come back and tell you . . . to make you see. . ."

"Darling!"

"I took a short-cut through the woods . . . there were some terrific holes in the road—it's a path nobody uses. And . . . the axle broke. I was miles from anywhere."

"Poor Toby."

"Stupid, wasn't it? Like everything I do. Oh, it all seemed grand—to come back and make you marry me. I wouldn't get into these scrapes if I had you, Lee. But now . . . I haven't any right—I'm just an ex-crooner—a public playboy, without a public."

"Not for long. Toby, we've got to get you back on the air by Monday."

"Why Monday?"

She told him the story.

"What a flop I am. That poor kid. What'll we do?"

"She'll have you again. She must, Toby."

"How can she?" His tone was flat with defeat. "Nothing in the world ever makes John Howard change his mind."

"One thing does."

"What is that?"

"Public opinion."

Toby laughed a little bitterly.

"I'm afraid you can't bring much of that to bear in my case."

"I'm not so sure," Lee said slowly.

"Toby, I'm not so sure."

Suddenly she stood up. Her eyes were glowing.

"Toby, go home now."

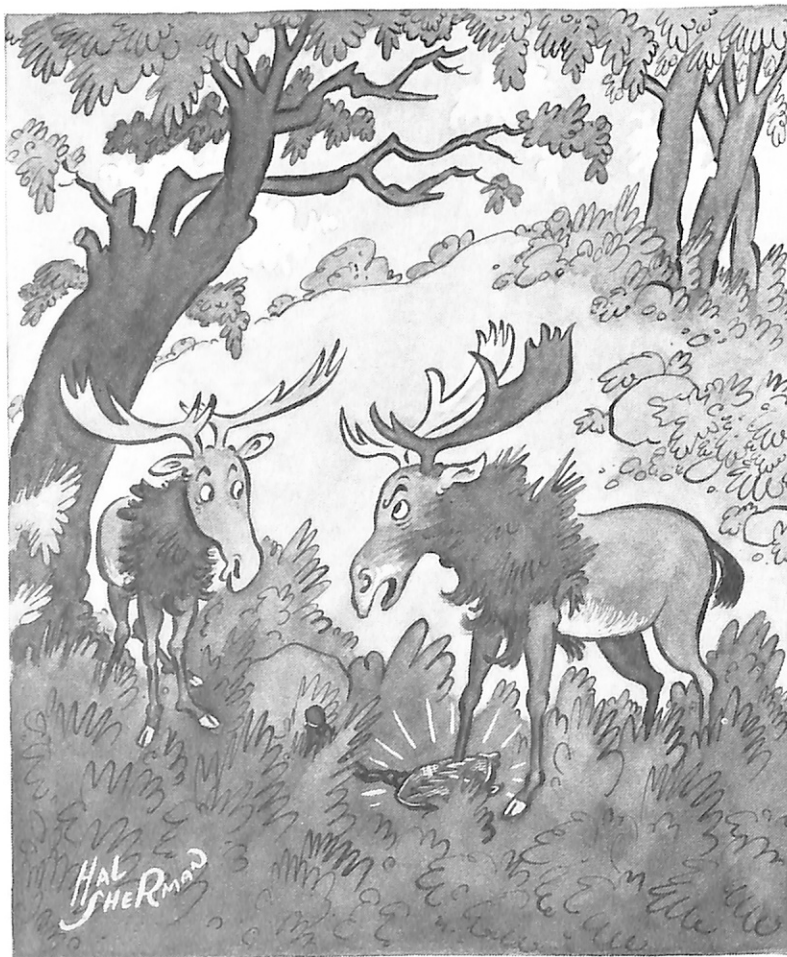
"What?"

"I said, go home. Have a shower and shave . . . and come back for breakfast early. Darling, before midnight John Howard is going to be begging you to come back to his little radio station!"

"But, Lee, what are we going to do?"

"We are going to use that one argument that John Howard will listen to. We're going to mould public opinion."

At ten o'clock that morning Nancy gazed blissfully up into the face of her idol as he bent over her and sang, oblivious to the flashlights which exploded about them. At noon the early editions of several newspapers appeared on the stands, carrying pictures and asking the public to demand Toby Thomas' return to the air waves. At five, switchboard operators at Interna-



"I wish people would learn to keep their trap shut around here!"

tional Studio asked for relief—it was impossible to handle all the calls. Two late editions ran feature stories—a newsreel photographer had ground out a film—the rival network offered Toby a contract, and three advertising agencies had sponsors nibbling for new commercial programs featuring Toby Thomas singing to the little girl in the Iron Lung. At nine o'clock John Howard walked

into Lee's office.

"I surrender," he said. "Love conquer's all, or something. You're a smart girl, Leela Holcomb."

Toby Thomas was reinstated on the Golden Bakeries Hour . . . by popular demand.

"I can listen to him every day," Nancy told Dr. Macy happily. "Isn't it funny, Doctor . . . he looks like my Daddy . . . and he sounds like my

Daddy . . . and when I asked him to play he was my Daddy, he kissed me, and he said he was Playboy No. 1 and he'd play it so hard that some day maybe it would really come true. Do you suppose it ever could, Dr. Macy?"

Dr. Macy was looking at a chart with unqualified approval.

"I wouldn't be surprised, Nancy," he told her gently. "I really wouldn't be surprised."



Interview

(Continued from page 17)

The house Frank Gaines lived in was a pretty fair joint. Elevator and everything. One of those automatic ones which comes right up to you—maybe. But this one was a long time coming. I pushed the button and heard something click down below, but that was all. I felt almost like jumping toward the stairs and running down, just to get as far and as fast from that room as possible. But I couldn't let Helen know I was scared. I don't think she saw how shaky my finger was on that push-button.

"Thought you were smart, didn't you?" she said.

"Me? I only did you a favor. Got the interview for you." Damn that elevator!

"Asking all those positively silly questions, just to show off. As if it was any time for humor!"

Humor! God! Is the thing broken?

"I gave you credit for more sense! Making me look foolish, in front of all those horrible men. It wasn't very nice!"

I knew what was the matter with her. She was talking like that to keep her mind off her nerves. She was having a case of jitters. I let her talk and pushed the button again.

But it was too late. Helen and I stood frozen to the floor. Frozen by the tremendous, hideous sounds that burst on our ears.

Shots. Heavy,

booming shots. Not sharp, like you'd expect, but thundering and echoing and smothered. Single shots, and in pairs and threes. From the room we had just left.

I pictured it. Short-range, demoniacal mass murder. No bullets missing their marks. No mercy from the heavy slugs. Crazy, toppling men—and amazing luck to any survivors.

Helen screamed I think. I can't tell. I only remember being clear-headed enough to realize that if there were any survivors besides Frank and Maury and the Italian boys, they would come for us next,

and for the envelope I had in my pocket. And our mouths would have to be closed, permanently.

While this was sinking in, the shooting stopped. Stopped as suddenly and as unexpectedly as it had begun. And the reverberating silence was horrible.

I grabbed Helen's arm and headed for the stairs. There was a round mirror in the hallway. I looked into it as we passed and saw Frank's door was still closed. And then we did the wrong thing. We paused to glance back at the closed door.

We had hardly turned about to watch the door before it opened and a bloody hand, holding a smoking, flat automatic, came through. Above it was a face sodistorted with desperation and lust to kill that I couldn't see who it was. Not for a moment. Then I recognized a sharp, thin nose, which meant only one man.

Cass Willsey.

And he saw us. We must have moved and caught his eye. His head jerked about and he started forward, thrusting his gun out spasmodically.

We were already on the steps leading upward. To try to go down meant that we would have to move nearer to him, and that wouldn't do.

"Up!" I yelled. "Up!" And up we went, headlong. Helen first, and your scribe right behind.



"I guess we got the wrong address. We was lookin' for the First National Bank."

We kept close to the wall—away from the stairwell. Otherwise he might have picked us off as we ran.

Up and up. One floor. Two floors. Three floors. That was the top. Steps went on to the roof. I didn't like that. Where could we go from there? But Helen kept right on going up, and what could I do but follow right after her?

A tin-clad door led to the roof, with a hook on it to keep it tight. On the inside. No lock on the outside. There was nothing to block the door with. Nothing to stop Willsey. —Not a thing.

We didn't waste time at the door. I pointed toward the far end of the roof and whispered, "The fire escape!" And we were running across slag and tar.

Ever run across a slag roof? Then you know how noisy it can be. Your feet crunch at every step. You couldn't be quiet with feather pillows for shoes.

The noise kept us from hearing the creak of the tin-clad door as Willsey opened it. But we heard the shot he aimed at us. We heard more than that. We heard the bullet smack into the parapet wall not two feet from us.

And we ducked behind the comforting bulk of a wide brick chimney and sobbed for air with gaping dry mouths.

Crunch. Crunch. Crunch. Feet coming toward us. Sudden death, coming closer and closer. It's funny, I know, but the thing I recall most clearly during that ten seconds was a sparrow sitting on the curved top bar of the fire escape with its head under its wing, asleep. And then it awoke and flew away. Wings are handy things, sometimes.

Crunch. Crunch. Steps getting nearer, but slowing down. Getting ready to circle the chimney. . . . That would end it.

I grabbed at a straw by pulling Frank Gaines' thick envelope from my pocket and throwing it toward the footsteps. The only effect that had was another shot and a bullet which chipped a nick in the corner of the chimney. And the slow crunching didn't even hesitate.

I looked at Helen and thought how beautiful she was. Her face was lit up by an inner something that couldn't have been simply fear. It wasn't that. I think it was trust. Trust in me.

I leaned over and kissed her. "Don't move," I said. "Goodbye, kid."

And with that I jumped around the corner of the brickwork and ran in the direction I thought Willsey would be standing. I couldn't see very well, on account of smoke from the chimney, or something. I just put my head down and ran full tilt.

I'm a right lucky devil, I guess. Always have been. The boys on the paper used to say I could fall down a well and come up with diamond rings on my fingers. Anyway, the first thing I bumped into wasn't a bullet, as I had expected, but Cass Willsey's chest. And down he went with a grunt. He seemed a little bit surprised.

And he stayed down. I got hold of his gun while he tried to get some breath back into his lungs, and tapped him on the side of the head with the butt hard enough to keep him quiet a while.

I looked at the gun to see why I was still alive. It was empty. I might have known.

Helen said fearfully, "Did you kill him?"

"No," I said. "Or at least I don't think so. He's pretty tough. He'll be in good shape for the electric chair."

I picked Willsey up as well as I could and started downstairs. It was right slow going. Limp bodies are hard to handle.

"Shall I call the police?" asked

Helen.

"No use, now. Didn't you hear the sirens?"

I carried Willsey all the way down to Frank's floor, and dumped him into the arms of a sick looking policeman.

"Hold that awhile, will you? Don't let him loose." Then I told Helen not to come in, and went to see what had happened. It wasn't very pretty. Frank was still in his favorite chair and all the rest were scattered about the room in various poses. And the only man left was the Jap in the kitchen, who was still clinking bottles and glasses aimlessly. He probably hadn't yet realized his cocktails wouldn't be needed any more.

I didn't stay in that charnel house very long.

There was a public telephone in the lobby on the first floor. I phoned in a story while Helen listened, and then she gave her paper the same dope.

I had told the coppers upstairs that I would come back and give them all the details, so back we started. In the elevator Helen said, "Here's the envelope. I picked it up. I suppose you'll have to tell them about it?"

"Not me. Why should I get mixed up with the Department of Justice? You can't put a dead man in the jug, anyway."

"What will you do with it?"

"I'm going to look at it." I pushed the "Stop" button of the elevator and tore the flap open. There were five or six sheets of paper in it, and every one blank as a roll of newsprint. Not a speck on them. I looked at Helen and grinned.

"Seems as though," I said, "Frank was just playing a little joke on the boys. Too bad the boys called his bluff."

"No," said Helen. "It's better this way, isn't it?"

"Maybe so," I said. "Why do you think so?"

"The town's a whole lot better off than it was fifteen minutes ago. Civic improvement."

"I'm better off, too," I said. "A lot better."

"How?"

"Got a kiss, didn't I?"

"Under emotional stress. That doesn't count."

"All right. Then this will be number one."

She didn't object—not even a little bit.



Pin Money

(Continued from page 22)

follow if he finishes far down among the also-rans? There is a special classification for him and his fellows, called the Booster Class, limited to five-man teams whose scores for sanctioned games do not exceed 850 pins, or an average of 170 a man. Now you can walk into the Acme Academy down the street and get a loud salvo of sneers for posting 170 on your tally sheet, but 821 Booster Teams divided \$20,475 in prize money in New York last year.

The lavish distribution of prizes makes the A.B.C. tournament the softest touch in sports for the dub at the expense of the top-notch performer. Considering the vast difference in ability between the champ and the chump, the winners of the open events are rewarded insignificantly. The leading five-man team splits \$1,000; the top two-man team gets \$500; the singles winner collects \$300 and the all-events champion—decided by individual scores rolled in the three other contests, or nine games in all—gets \$175. Diamond medals go with the four titles and the A.B.C., with a very neat little rule, effectively precludes the possibility of several stars joining forces to make a clean-up. Only one "alley man"—a professional who owns alleys or gives exhibitions—is permitted to play with a team, but in no other case is the A.B.C. concerned with silly distinctions between amateurs and professionals.

Like so many other industries, bowling in the United States was given impetus by the curious combination of a business failure and circumvention of the law. The business failure came in the winter of 1880, when the proprietor of a little German restaurant at 401 Greenwich Street in New York abandoned his one-man crusade to educate Americans in the fine art of eating. He made a gift of the place to a young compatriot who had such a natural enthusiasm for food that he seemed to impart it to others. In a few months business was good, too good to suit Joe Thums, a young German boy who dearly loved to bowl, but could not spare the time from his restaurant. He solved the problem by building two alleys in his basement.

Presently he was astonished to discover that his alleys attracted as many customers as his knackwurst and beer and soon Thums' interest in food was purely academic. He began to charge his customers for the privilege of using his alleys instead of restricting them to a few favored friends; he held a tournament which, with rare foresight, he won himself; he opened twenty-four alleys uptown at Herald Square, which he promptly called the "White Elephant" when he



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PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE

was assured that the venture must fail because it was too pretentious, and, most important, he was a prime mover in the formation of the A.B.C. in 1895 after two abortive attempts had been made to organize the small army of bowlers in the country.

There had been bowling in America, of course, long before Joe Thums was struck by a series of bright ideas. It seems that most people of Western Europe have played a variation of the game which originated in Northern Italy approximately fifteen centuries ago. The French were familiar with *carreau*, a primitive form of bowling, before they knew Charlemagne; the Scotch called it curling; the English were the first to erect sheds over the bowling greens; the Dutch and Germans increased the number of pins from six or eight to nine, and the Flemish are credited with introducing wooden balls to replace the stone boulders which were first used.

Nine-pins was brought to America as early as 1623 by the Dutch and it is a matter of record that three gentlemen of New Amsterdam, Peter Jay, John Chambers and Peter Bayard, leased the parade grounds fronting Battery Park at the lower end of Manhattan Island for a public bowling green in 1732. That spot, the first—and frequently the last—patch of green newcomers to America see in Manhattan, is still called Bowling Green. Surrounded on three sides by the topless towers of the gold coast of Wall Street and lower Broadway, Bowling Green, the name of a park, subway station and telephone exchange, is America's most notable landmark of a sport. You don't happen to know of a telephone exchange called "Football Stadium" or "Baseball Diamond", do you?

The sight and sound of bowlers enjoying a quiet game, with a beaker of beer on the side, always was a clarion call to singularly zealous spoil-sports. King Edward III of England had Parliament prohibit bowling in 1366 because it was interfering with the practice of archery, and the Puritans of the Massachusetts colony also banned the game. It is to be feared, however, that some of the Pilgrim Fathers could not resist the machinations of the Devil, for witness this confession put to paper by a tortured soul of Plymouth in 1658:

"To those concerned, I hereby say I should not make confessions which are likely to be read from this page at some future time by public eyes, but my conscience is troubling me, so I seek this way to ease it.

"The weather is tantalizingly warm, but I was tempted to do what I have refrained from doing before.

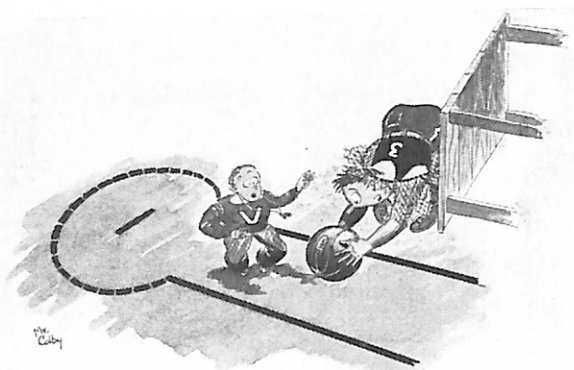
"This game of bowles has bewitched me, I fear. For I played it

today and for funds. Yes—I was fortunate, for the bet was £10. Woe unto me!

"My fellow Puritans will be shocked if they hear of this, but the more reason for my confession. I like the game, for my own ability to win, and for the fine folks I met on the greens.

"May this confession do my soul good."

Most of the States along the northern Atlantic seaboard had Blue Laws prohibiting bowling in the nineteenth century, but the specific legislation mentioned the game of nine-



"No, no, Mr. Bowers, just the ball!"

pins. The last legal barrier to the growth of the sport was hurdled when an unknown genius had the happy inspiration to add another pin, making for a ten-pin combination set up in triangular formation.

The struggle to make bowling an honest woman was a long, tedious process championed by the A.B.C. The steady increase in the number of entries since the first tournament was held in Chicago in 1901—only 41 five-man teams competed in the event which was won by Pop Anson's All-Star squad of baseball players—would seem to indicate the rousing success of the crusade. Gamblers, hangers-on and other low, coarse characters were discouraged from making bowling alleys their general headquarters and the wisdom of dressing up establishments was made clear to owners.

Fifty major tournaments were sponsored every year in the Middle West, the hotbed of the game. Doctors began to advocate bowling as a suitable winter substitute for golf and the goal was sighted a few years ago when women were converted to the game. The A.B.C. tournament is strictly a stag affair, but 8,000 sinewy gals set 'em up at their own championship tournament last year in Chicago. Despite the strenuous nature of bowling—the regulation ball, made of mineralite and rubber, weighs sixteen pounds—the lovely ladies are getting along famously.

When Helen Wills Moody beats Donald Budge in five sets of tennis; when La Didrickson leads Jesse

Owens to the tape in a 100-yard dash; when Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare tops Lawson Little in a 36-hole golf match—then you'll have a fair sports parallel to match the achievement of Mrs. Floretta McCutcheon of Pueblo, Colorado. Mrs. McCutcheon met Jimmy Smith, bowling's Babe Ruth, in a special three-game match at Denver several years ago and they do say that the old-timers have not recovered from the shock yet. Smith rolled the highly respectable score of 687, but Mrs. McCutcheon tallied 704 pins, an astonishing average of 235 a game.

In the old, free-and-easy days, Smith probably would have lost money on that match to half the population of Denver, but the A.B.C. has done a pretty thorough job of eliminating the heavy side-betting which once featured the "put-up-or-shut-up" barnstorming tours of the stars. Most of the top-notch bowlers today give an occasional exhibition for \$50, but they are kept close to home most of the time giving lessons or promoting industrial league tournaments.

Although the A.B.C. tournament is the big blow-off of the bowling season, there are any number of other meetings which provoke just as much interest and enthusiasm in their own spheres. The twentieth annual tournament of the Elks was held at Kalamazoo, Michigan, last March and April with all existing records for attendance and entries broken. The Detroit Strohs captured the five-man event and J. Crimmins went on to turn the party into a Detroit celebration. Crimmins won the singles and all-events titles, then teamed up with Grygier to take the doubles. The tournament this year will be held in Milwaukee, to the loud accompaniment of falling pins and records.

The field is so tremendous and the competition so fierce that no team or individual has ever repeated an A.B.C. triumph except in the all-events. Although more than 1600 perfect scores of 300—twelve consecutive strikes, or knocking down the ten pins with the first ball—have been registered in sanctioned A.B.C. tournaments leading up to the big show, only four 300's have been made in championship play since 1901 (by Jimmy Smith, Billy Knox, Charley Reinlie and Jack Karstens). Nerves get taut and men go haywire under the cruel, insistent strain of shooting at a mark when one bad ball can mean the difference of fifty places in the final standings. Successive weeks of tension often produce dramatic finishes in the very best Frank Merriwell tradition.

Three years ago at Syracuse the five-man team sponsored by the Tivoli Brewing Company of Detroit led for six weeks with a score of 3,024. On the final night of the tour-

nament, in almost the final game, Wolf's Tire Service of Niagara Falls nosed out the Tivolis by five points and the winners, scoring 1,055 in their final turns at the 60-foot pine and maple alleys, averaged 211 a man.

No group of athletes genuflects more humbly at the altar of Lady Luck than bowlers. They realize, better than anybody else, that an absolute unknown, a 1,000 to 1 shot, can go crazy with the heat for three games and pick up the marbles. Too often have they seen a master send a perfectly rolled ball into the sweet 1-3 pocket to the right of the head-pin for an apparent strike and leave the 7 and 10 pins standing, while a dub on the next alley releases a ball which flirts with the gutter, wobbles outrageously—and topples all the pins.

There is no fortune to be made in competition or exhibitions, but professional bowlers manage to get along. Most of the top-notchers, particularly in the Middle West, represent a commercial sponsor, usually a beer concern, and advertise its name throughout the country. The usual retainer fee is about \$2,500 for a five-man team and the sponsor does not share in any of the prize money. Bowlers also do all right otherwise, as evinced by that recent night in Chicago when two men were hustled into a police court, charged with driving past a red light on South Michigan Boulevard at midnight.

"Any excuse?" the magistrate snapped.

"Just one, Your Honor," a miserable culprit answered. "We were bowling a few games and bowled a few too many. We were late and hurrying home."

"Hold up your thumbs," His Honor ordered.

The thumbs of two right hands were exposed, thumbs that were calloused as only a good bowling thumb can be. The judge held up his own right thumb, similarly calloused, and deliberated for a full second.

"I have hurried home myself after bowling a few games too many," His Honor said. "Don't do it again. Don't you know you begin to lose your form after the sixth game? When my thumb gets tired I begin to throw that cross-over ball. Can't hit the 1-3 pocket at all. Case dismissed."



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What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 41)

not built for Arctic service, but set out, nevertheless, to drift with the ice across the Pole. On Sept. 6, 1879, the *Jeanette* was already frozen in near Wrangel island, then drifted to a position north of Siberia and cracked up. The men left the doomed ship in boats and tramped the frozen ice of Siberia, dying on the way. Lieut. Commander G. W. De Long died with them, but George Wallace Melville, engineer of the *Jeanette*, not only lived but became the engineer-in-chief of the United States Navy, designer of the engines of the Oregon and other warships.

The moving, human story of this expedition, its hardships and disasters, has now been told by Commander Edward Ellsberg, author of "On the Bottom" in a running narrative called "Hell on Ice". Taking all the diaries and documents, he has written a book as if it were the account of Melville, thus weaving everything together in one connected story. There are greater tragedies today than the Arctic, but there is nothing more heart-breaking than a creeping death. When the men face the snow and cold, without direction or hope of shelter, while their limbs become numb and frozen, the reader feels as if he is in the grip of a nightmare, from which he cannot extricate himself. Ten members of the expedition, including the commanding officer, were buried by Melville in 1882 on the banks of the Lena in Siberia, where he found their bodies. Commander Ellsberg has made clear to us why the fate of the *Jeanette* moved a nation; he retells a great story of courage and daring against the heavy odds of nature. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$2.75)

WOMEN WHO SACRIFICE TOO MUCH

NO matter how closely related we are to other people, we don't own them, and we dominate them only at our peril. In Josephine Lawrence's new book, "Bow Down to Wood and Stone", three women do a lot of sacrificing for others, expecting rewards and glory, but they are too possessive to keep control for long. Gillian, the eldest sister, is a competent private secretary, but a younger woman undermines her position and she retires. Brosia, the youngest sister, is married to a physician and bosses him so thoroughly that he leaves her. Forlorn, she awaits his return. Seneth, a widow with four children, lavishes care and affection upon them, is constantly worried about them, and interferes in their careers, but they break away from her easily because she cannot adapt herself to them. You recognize them as types, and yet Miss Lawrence has filled out their portraits, made them individual; they do

the things many women do, helplessly, blindly, although Hugh Kent, who keeps prodding them, ridiculing their way of hurting themselves by being too kind, invites them to get more fun out of life. It's a great question whether any of these women could have done things differently. They lived up to the expectations of society, to conventional ways of living, to their own inner promptings, which they could not be expected to recognize. The story is clear and direct, straight to the point, the sisters losing most of the things they worked for, because that is in the nature of things. But despite the seriousness of the theme, the novel is not at all sombre or disheartening. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.50)

MYSTERY AND CRIME

IF you have followed the detective work of Hercule Poirot in the past you will expect him to be on his toes in his latest mystery, "Death on the Nile". Here Agatha Christie takes us to the little steamer *Karnak*, moving up the Nile with a group of bored passengers, people with money who get into the society news and whose emotions are tangled up. The author lets us get acquainted with them and their troubles before starting the shooting. But her interest is in Hercule Poirot and his unraveling of the tangled skein; the murders are almost impersonal, planted just to get him started. Thus it is hard to speak of this trip as a tragedy, but rather as a puzzle which Poirot solves with his usual adroitness. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$2)

There's a lot of shooting in "Persons in Hiding", too, and it doesn't move us, for this is not a novel, but a recital by J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, of how criminals were run to earth by his men. (Little, Brown, \$2.50) And in the same breath—what's left of it—let me mention the account of the hell suffered by prisoners in the French colony on French Guiana, "Dry Guillotine", written by Rene Belenot, a war veteran, who was sent there for theft when he was 22 and escaped fifteen years later. He is now in the United States. He hopes, by his story, to create international sympathy for the prisoners and cause France to abandon the penal colony. (Dutton, \$3)

"R. F. D."—THE AMERICAN FARMER

WHAT sort of man is the modern American farmer? Charles Allen Smart inherited a farm in Ohio and went out to work it. He didn't know anything about the problems of farming, but his mind was open. He dis-

covered that a farmer's life and work "are determined by the quantity, quality and nature of his land and equipment, by the climate, markets and by his own age, strength, knowledge, experience and personal predilections." Whew! What an order! Mr. Smart had his eyes open and his pen in hand, and he produced a complete account of the farmer's life in "R. F. D." Not merely farming, but what a farmer eats, what he wears, the fun of living near a waterfall, planting and husking, the things neighbors say about you and about politics. Mr. Smart is divided in two parts—he is both owner and worker and he likes the worker part, for it teaches him to understand the problems of the farmer. "R. F. D." is a book of experience, something every city dweller ought to know. (W. W. Norton & Co., \$2.50)

The Crime Problem

(Continued from page 13)

well-being of our citizens are well paid, respected, and looked up to in the community. When your community can point with pride to a modern police department—well trained, efficient, free from venal politics, you will find it a much happier place in which to live.

And in our problem of juvenile delinquency the leadership of the Elks and other similar organizations is imperative. Outstanding among our needs in this field is the improvement of family discipline. A great number of our American parents must assume directly the responsibility for the path of youth in crime. They have failed in their duty to the coming generation because they have not the courage, perseverance nor time to base a home life on decent ideals and discipline. To the improvement of the family ideals and control of youth, the Elks should lend every ounce of available energy. Then the glorification of the gangster by motion picture and radio must be replaced by the influence of more wholesome entertainment, teaching respect for law and order, and the folly of a criminal career.

Finally, our fraternal organizations may well enthusiastically support the boys' organizations sponsored in their communities. If we are to keep our youth from drifting into a career of crime through association with evil gangs, we must take cognizance of the human desire and instinct for companionship and group action. Proper outlets and supervision for boys' groups are best handled through youth organizations, and no finer contribution to the solution of our crime problems may be given by an organization than the active and wholehearted support of youth groups in your community.

It has been indeed a pleasure to

WIRE-HAIRED TERROR



● Jack Dempsey's face is always on parade. In his famous New York restaurant at 8th Ave. and 50th St., he greets world celebrities every night. And he's got a beard that's a terror. So shaving is important to him. "In my daily rounds with tough beard," says Dempsey, "I've

no time to spar around with experiments—no temper for nicks or half-shaves. So when I shave myself, I use a Gillette Blade in my Gillette Razor. I've tried other methods, but this combination takes the fight out of my whiskers in a hurry—gives me clean, close shaves that *really last!*"



THE CLOCK WAKES YOU—IT TAKES A GILLETTE SHAVE TO WAKE YOUR FACE

● There's the gong! An alarm clock rouses Jack Dempsey—but it takes a clean, close Gillette shave to wake up his face! No other method is so refreshing. It makes faces feel and look fit.



I SAID GILLETTE!

REMEMBER IT'S YOUR FACE

● No purse is offered for taking substitute blades on the chin! Don't make your face a proving ground for shaving experiments. Demand Gillette Blades and you will get the world's best shaves.



YOU CAN'T ALWAYS SEE A MISFIT

● You may smile at Dempsey's mighty "mauley" in a tiny glove! But a misfit razor blade isn't funny. Faulty shaves look bad—feel worse. Gillette Blades fit Gillette Razors perfectly—shave closely, cleanly.

NOW A GILLETTE SHAVING CREAM!

● Prepare your beard for perfect shaves with Gillette's amazing new Brushless Shaving Cream. Made with peanut oil, it softens wiry bristles, soothes the skin and stays moist on your face. A big tube costs only 25¢. You'll like it.



LESS THAN 1¢ A DAY buys the world's finest blades

PRECISION-MADE FOR EACH OTHER

Gillette Blades

MORE SHAVING COMFORT FOR YOUR MONEY

Be Wise - Alkalize



An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling pleasant-tasting solution. Drink it and it gives quick relief from Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after meals and other common ailments. It also helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

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SODA FOUNTAINS

TUNE IN
THE NATIONAL
BARN DANCE
SATURDAY NIGHT
NBC - NETWORK

WITH ALL THEIR LITTLE ACHES AND PAINS, AND "MORNING AFTER" WOES, WHO'D WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT A MAN? I WOULDN'T - GOODNESS KNOWS!

MINE OVERSTUFFS AND THEN COMPLAINS HIS STOMACH'S "ON A TEAR," BUT A GLASS OF ALKA-SELTZER SETTLES THINGS RIGHT THEN AND THERE

WHEN COLDS OR HEADACHES GET MY MAN SAY! HE'S NO "ANGEL CHILD." I GIVE HIM ALKA-SELTZER BEFORE HE DRIVES ME WILD

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS

submit to the Elks of America and their friends the problems and hopes of the FBI and the profession of law enforcement. The vastness of our criminal problem does not lend itself to the creation of a united public opinion demanding a stop to the ever increasing toll of crime in our Nation. The constancy of this crime tragedy unfortunately lacks the hu-

man interest and public concern which prompts our people to action. So we who are engaged in the front line look to the Elks and all other public spirited organizations as a bulwark, to spread the alarm, to act quickly and decisively that our Nation may be relieved of the awful burden of crime. I know that we can count on you.

Your Dog

(Continued from page 23)

day with a light snack at the other end of the day. This light snack can consist for instance, of milk and toast, or oatmeal, a handful of dog biscuit or some other food.

The quantity of food to be fed to a dog depends on the breed, age and manner of life. Dogs having much exercise, especially outdoors, need about fifty percent more food than the amount needed when they are inactive.

How much should be fed to a dog? Toy dogs and very small sized dogs can get along nicely on six ounces to a half pound of food per day.

Small to medium sized breeds such as the beagle, Boston and most of the terriers can do very nicely on a total of 12 ounces of solid food for the day.

Medium-sized breeds such as the collie, chow, springer and other breeds of this size can get along very nicely on one to one and a quarter pounds per day.

The larger breeds, such as the doberman, German shepherd, boxer, require about two pounds of solid food per day.

The very large breeds, such as the Great Dane, St. Bernard, Newfoundland, about three to five pounds per day.

When the dog leaves anything in the food dish, reduce the amount for the next day. If your dog is ailing just a bit, reduce the quantity considerably or let him fast entirely for a day; this really is good medicine for the dog and is not a pain to him but a kindness on your part. The dog's appetite is a good indication of his health; as long as your dog eats greedily, there cannot be any serious menace to his health.

Bear in mind that most dogs are killed by overfeeding rather than by starvation and that it is this mistaken kindness on the part of the owner, which is really cruelty to the dog by way of weakened health.

In conclusion, watch your dog's stomach, watch his diet, and bear in mind that eighty percent of his health and about half of his happiness hinge upon the food plate and what you put into it.

If you want further detailed information as to the care of your dog, we will be glad to answer your questions or send you a pamphlet at no cost to you. Address The Elks Magazine—50 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 39)

and Tallahassee Lodges were represented. Later in the evening a class initiation was held followed by entertainment sponsored by the Flamingo Club of Orlando.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted to Jacksonville the next day by Mr. Hale, Exalted Ruler M. B. Wimberly and officers of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, No. 221, and many other Elks who had participated in the Sanford festivities. A reception took place at the George Washington Hotel where the party was met by Mr. Sholtz and a host of members of the local Lodge. The meeting, held in the Lodge Home, at 8 P.M., was a fine one, with initiation ceremonies being splendidly exemplified, and was attended by Elks from various sections of the State.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Banquet was the concluding feature of the program. Major Hart's talks were given a great deal of space and were sincerely praised in columns of all the newspapers.

Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, tendered a banquet to Grand Exalted Ruler Hart on January 26 and on that night observed its 60th Anniversary. Elaborate plans had been made for the double celebration and the affair was successful from every standpoint. Frank H. Durkee was Chairman, and John L. FitzSimmons Vice-Chairman, of the Reception Committee. Dr. Arthur G. Barrett, P.E.R., a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, acted as Toastmaster. D.D. N. Bosley Hoffman of Towson, and Calvert K.

DOG ENCYCLOPEDIA

By CAPTAIN WILL JUDY, Editor Dog World
 This new revised second edition contains 325,000 words, 587 articles, 375 pictures, covers all dog subjects, all dog breeds of the world, answers 10,000 questions about dogs, is really many dog books in one, and is the one book which every dog lover should have in his library. Price \$5 cash or C.O.D. delivery.
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Hartle, Hagerstown, President of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association, were special guests. E.R. George T. Evans presided and Est. Loyal Knight James R. Cadden was Banquet Chairman. The speakers were the Hon. Harry W. Nice, Governor of Maryland; the Hon. Howard W. Jackson, Mayor of Baltimore, the Hon. Edwin T. Dickerson, Associate Judge, Supreme Bench, Baltimore, who spoke on the history of the Lodge, and the guest of honor, Grand Exalted Ruler Hart. Major Hart, during the course of his speech, congratulated the officers and members on their Lodge's long and successful career. He also expressed his thanks for the beautiful silver vase given him by the Lodge.

The banquet was held in the handsome Home erected by Baltimore Lodge in 1914. No effort has been spared to keep the building in first class condition. Its splendid appearance on the night of the birthday festivities was the subject of much admiring comment.

ONE of the biggest meetings of the year took place in the Home of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, when the Grand Exalted Ruler visited the Lodge officially on January 28. Present and past officers of all ranks from Lodges of the New York Southeast District attended, and the New York State Elks Association was well represented. Past President Daniel A. Kerr of New York Lodge No. 1 and D.D. George I. Hall of Lynbrook were among those present.

The slogan of the evening was "Brooklyn Lodge No. 22 Welcomes Charles S. Hart, Our Grand Exalted Ruler." As each Elk entered the Lodge room he was presented with a cardboard heart to wear suspended from a purple and white cord. All about the room were miniature stop and go signals mounted on pedestals, also bearing a heart with the Grand Exalted Ruler's name, but with the word "Safety" substituted for "Spencer." Under the large clock was an ingenious "copy" of *The Elks Magazine* of considerable size, with the name of Brooklyn Lodge, the date of the night's meeting and a picture of the Grand Exalted Ruler set in a heart as the "cover design." Major Hart received a tremendous ovation when he made his appearance escorted by E.R. J. J. Duberstein and P.E.R. Judge James J. Boylan. The only address of the evening was delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler himself. Speaking on Traffic Safety he covered the subject on all points. His Secretary, P.D.D. Richard F. Flood, Jr., of Bayonne, N. J., Lodge, always a welcome visitor to Brooklyn Lodge, responded graciously when called upon for a few remarks.

P.E.R. Samuel C. Duberstein, a Trustee of the State Association, presented the Grand Exalted Ruler

with an engraved gold mounted leather-bound original copy of Mr. Hart's most recent book, "George Washington's Son of Israel and Other Forgotten Heroes." This was a personal gift from Mr. Duberstein. A beautiful and ample china dinner service was presented to Grand Exalted Ruler Hart as a token of the affection and esteem with which he is regarded by Brooklyn Lodge. Originality in the arrangements and the best of Elk fellowship characterized the evening throughout, and the large crowd was a testimonial in itself to Major Hart's great popularity. Songs were rendered by the Brooklyn Elks Glee Club. P.E.R. the Hon. George J. Joyce was Chairman.

GRAND Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart made his official visit to Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, on Saturday, January 29. At 5:15 P.M. he spoke on Traffic Safety over Station WIP. Major Hart was in fine form and although his talk was for a fifteen-minute period only, he presented his subject with such clarity and vividness that it was deemed one of the best of the many radio addresses he has delivered.

The evening began with a banquet at seven o'clock given in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Lodge Home. E.R. Max Slepik extended a warm welcome to the guests, pausing for a moment to present to E.R. Harold L. Wertheimer of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, a check for \$100 from Philadelphia Lodge for the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children at Longport, N. J. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, P.E.R. of No. 2, was introduced as Toastmaster. He was also presented with a check for \$100 as the Lodge's contribution to the Elks National Foundation Trustees, of which Mr. Grakelow is a member. Grand Exalted Ruler Hart was the only speaker. He chose Americanism as his subject and his address was instructive and stirring in a high degree. A superlative show was presented later and dancing enjoyed in the beautifully decorated ball room.

Exalted Rulers and officers of practically every Lodge in the Southeast District of the State and many from New Jersey, attended. Among the prominent Pennsylvania Elks present were D.D. G. Russell Bender, Pottstown; Past State Pres.'s Pemberton M. Minster, Bristol, Louis N. Goldsmith, Philadelphia, and Daniel J. Miller, Reading; Harry A. Halloway, Pres., and George M. Kirk, West Chester, Vice-Pres., of the S.E. District Assn.; P.D.D.'s Gurney Afflerbach, Allentown, John J. McNamara, Jr., Bethlehem, John S. Williams, Bristol, and Kenelm L. Shirk, Lancaster, and the Hon. Charles J. Margiotti, Attorney-General of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, who is an honorary life member of Punxsutawney Lodge.

THE ONLY WAY TO BEAT A TOUGH BEARD

REMEMBER the first time you shaved? Your whiskers were soft and downy. Any razor, any blade would do. Today, your beard is a cross between a barbed wire fence and a cactus patch. Today, it takes a real he-man's razor to lick the bristles without punishing the skin.

If you want professional shaving advice, be guided by your barber. He doesn't rely on wafer-thin blades or mechanical gadgets. He sticks by a hollow-ground fine steel blade. To restore the keen edge, he always stropps it just before using. And, he shaves with the blade flat against the face.

Rolls Razor is built on the same principle. It has a hollow-ground blade of finest Sheffield steel. However, it's designed *not* for the barber but for the man who shaves himself. So, it's made in safety razor size with a permanent guard attached to the blade. Before shaving, you strop or hone it in its own case for a few seconds. The angle and pressure are controlled so you can't strop it wrong if you try.

Figure how much you spend for blades in a few years. Then, remember that a Rolls Razor with its one blade means years and years of shaving comfort and the price is but . . . **\$10**

Ask to have it demonstrated in your favorite store. There is no other razor like it.
Or, write for free Folder 52
Rolls Razor, Inc., 305 E. 45th St., New York



Rolls Shaving Soap in permanent bowl or Rolls Shaving Stick, \$1. Refills, 60¢.

ROLLS RAZOR



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Unique First Parts for complete show with special songs and choruses. Make-up, Catleg Frax.

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Must
REDUCE WAIST
3 INCHES
OR NO COST

ONLY because our claims are based on the actual experiences of thousands of men dare we say: If you don't reduce your waistline at least 3 inches in 30 days you need not pay a penny. Director Reducing Belt must remove pounds of fat or the trial costs nothing.

IMPROVE APPEARANCE
You just slip on Director. Instantly you'll notice how much better your clothes fit, how much younger you appear.

"RESTORES VIGOR" writes S. L. Brown. "Already I feel years younger," says this Trenton man, "no more bloated or tired feeling."

CONSTIPATION OFTEN CAUSED BY STOMACH SAG and many wearers say: Director's automatic exercising-action aids elimination without cathartics. So don't neglect abdominal obesity and stomach sag any longer.

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EASY WAY
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● Neat, handy, useful and durable
...Brass frame, heavily chromium plated...Blade of finest razor steel.

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Graceful design, light weight; fine enough to wear on your silver, gold or platinum chain.

Three blades in one
Instantly opened or closed with one hand. No broken fingernails. Blade locks easily in any one of 3 lengths . . . really three blades in one.

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THE CHRISTY CO., Fremont, Ohio
Enclosed is \$1.00 for a Christy Sport Knife. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my \$1.00 will be refunded. (Ohio orders add 3c for sales tax.) This offer good in U.S.A. only.

Actual Size

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 36)

Chambersburg, Pa., Lodge Initiates 53 in One Class

The membership of Chambersburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 600, has been increased during recent months by the initiation of large classes. At a meeting held in the Chambersburg High School, 53 candidates were initiated with the ceremonies being performed by the crack Degree Team of Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, No. 378, assisted by local and visiting officers. The new members were entertained later at the Lodge Home and addressed by State Pres. Grover C. Shoemaker of Bloomsburg, Pa.

Chambersburg Elks have good reason to be proud of their building. The interior has been completely remodeled during the past two years. The work of benevolence carried on by the Lodge during the winter was extensive. Gifts to more than 400 of the city's poor children and to the local orphanage and institutions for the aged, have included not only wearing apparel but some of the luxuries that otherwise they would not have had.

Initiation on "Kenosha News Night" at Kenosha, Wis., Lodge

"Kenosha News Night" brought something new and different into the regular meeting of Kenosha, Wis., Lodge, No. 750, on January 13. A class of candidates, composed entirely of employees of the Kenosha News Publishing Company was initiated with all the Chairs being occupied by Elks also associated with the Company. E.R. Ernest F. Marlatt presided. Several items of important business were discussed at the meeting, after which entertainment was provided by professional talent and a lunch in cafeteria style was served.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge Initiates George D. Bostock Class

Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, held a testimonial meeting on January 21 to celebrate the 90th birthday of its former Secretary, George D. Bostock, who has been a member of the Lodge for over 51 years. Two of his closest friends, Past State Pres. George A. Kusterer, P.E.R., and D. M. Amberg, have been members for 47 years. Mr. Amberg, whose 90th birthday had been observed the preceding week, was also honored at the meeting.

The initiation of the "George (Dixie) Bostock Class" of 14 members was witnessed by more than 400 Elks. A resolution extolling Mr. Bostock was presented by P.E.R. Byron O. Smith, P.D.D., and seconded by P.E.R. John K. Burch, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight. Mr. Bostock faithfully performed

the duties of his office as Secretary of Grand Rapids Lodge for 41 years, and as Secretary of the Michigan State Elks Association for 13 years. He was born in Marshall, Mich., on Jan. 25, 1848, and has resided in Grand Rapids since 1872.

Boise, Ida., Lodge Gives a Breakfast for David Sholtz

Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, who had traveled to Idaho to deliver the address at the Boise Jackson Day Dinner on January 8, was guest of honor at a breakfast the next morning given by Boise Lodge No. 310. The dining room of the Lodge Home was filled with Elks and their ladies. Mr. Sholtz, introduced by D.D. Milton E. Zener of Pocatello, devoted the greater part of his delightful talk to the Order and its service to the country.

Attending the breakfast were visiting Elks from Pocatello, Nampa, Caldwell, Coeur D'Alene and Moscow, Ida., Spokane, Wash., and Portland, Ore. Mr. Sholtz was furnished with an honor escort of 16 Antlers. E.R. M. A. Thometz headed the Breakfast Committee, the members of which were P.E.R.'s E. D. Baird, Homer Hudelson, Joe Imhoff and Jay O. Malvin.

Marshfield, Ore., Antlers Engage in Crippled Children Work

The junior organization sponsored by Marshfield, Ore., Lodge, No. 1160, has a large membership. The Antlers meet every Tuesday evening in the Elks Home where they have their own club rooms, writing and reading desks, billiard and pool tables and radio. The young men entertained ten little guests recently at their first annual crippled children's party. After they had been seated in easy chairs placed in the Lodge room, the children were addressed by P.E.R. J. W. Flanagan, the Elks' Antlers Advisor. Mr. Flanagan announced that the Antlers had voted to do all they could in the way of supplying wheel chairs, crutches, braces and other things necessary for the well-being of crippled children. He also reported that while attending the meeting of the Ore. State Elks Assn. at Eugene, he had learned that a duplicate of the Warm Springs, Ga., Foundation had been approved by Pres. Roosevelt and the WPA, and that work on the buildings and swimming pool would begin at once at McCredie Springs, Lane County, selected as the site for the location of the project.

Entertainment and refreshments followed the formal meeting. Before its close the Antlers took steps to obtain a wheel chair for a little girl

who had been confined to her bed for ten months.

Billings, Mont., Lodge Celebrates Its 40th Anniversary

The 40th Anniversary of the founding of Billings, Mont., Lodge, No. 394, was celebrated with a turkey dinner and a meeting at which Past Exalted Rulers initiated the "40th Anniversary Class" of 25 candidates, and 250 members were present. P.E.R. S. D. Tonkin spoke on the history of the Order and Ray H. Wise gave a talk on the history of Billings Lodge. J. W. Gardner, Charles M. Bair and George M. Hays, Sr., the three of the seven living charter members who were present, related incidents of the early days of the Lodge.

Wapakoneta, O., Elks Entertain Members of Other Orders

Wapakoneta, O., Lodge, No. 1170, inaugurated its program of activities for 1938 with a social session and supper which brought together more than 300 Lodge members of the city. The affair was so successful that a resolution was adopted during the evening to hold it annually.

Short addresses were given by the heads of the various delegations which included Eagles, Masons, Knights of Columbus and Odd Fellows. The Eagles attended 100 strong accompanied by their Drill Team. The Team assisted P.E.R. Harry Kahn, Master of Ceremonies, in opening the program. Max Christian, recently initiated into Wapakoneta Lodge of Elks, gave an interesting talk.

Somerville, Mass., Lodge Achieves a New Prosperity

A recent report on Somerville, Mass., Lodge, No. 917, shows that a spectacular come-back has been staged and that the Lodge now boasts a bank account, the clearance of debts and the possession of a Home which at one time it was in danger of losing. The building has been improved and presents an inviting appearance both inside and out. Valuable service in the Lodge's rehabilitation was rendered by P.E.R. Harry Norton, a member of many years' standing.

Montgomery, Ala., Lodge Addressed by D.D. C. L. DeBardeleben

Montgomery, Ala., Lodge, No. 596, received its official visit from D.D. Charles L. DeBardeleben of Selma Lodge on January 18. The District Deputy addressed a very large and enthusiastic meeting.

W. H. Hills, Okla., State Pres., Fatally Injured in Accident

While on a mission involving his duties as President of the Oklahoma State Elks Association, William H. Hills was killed on December 6, 1937, in an accident on the highway between Enid and Woodward. Mr. Hills had expected to participate that



Fred Allen is good I agree
Jack Benny's a whiz at the Bee
But I know a lad
Who isn't half bad

Help Charlie Write a Last Line for His Limerick

Poor Charlie! Just when the modest lad wants to boast how good he is, Bergen leaves the little wooden dummy speechless. Complete the limerick for him. Add a line that ends with a word rhyming with "bee" and "agree." Some of the words you may use are: tree, three, glee, be, see, he, etc.

12 Prizes Total \$55.00

For the best last line submitted we will pay \$25.00 cash. Second prize \$10.00. Ten additional prizes \$2.00 each. Duplicate prizes in case of tie. Judges' decision is final.

Charlie McCarthy Doll Free for Promptness

All prize winners who mail their last line promptly will also receive, free, a real Charlie McCarthy doll 20 inches high in full dress suit including shirt, tie, shoes and top hat, all made of real cloth.

Help Charlie and write the last line for his limerick on a penny postcard or in a letter. Send only one entry. Mail it before April 23, 1938, to:

RADIO STAR LIMERICK,

211 CAPPER BLDG.,

TOPEKA, KANSAS

YOUR NAME in Gold FREE

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evening in an important meeting at Woodward Lodge No. 1355.

News of the tragedy was received with sadness by the members of his home Lodge, Enid No. 870, and by Elks throughout the State. A resolution on his death was passed by the State Association, dwelling upon his fine personal qualities and his long and valuable service in the interests of the organization. Mr. Hills was Exalted Ruler of Enid Lodge for four terms.

Class at Streator, Ill., Lodge Initiated by Lincoln Degree Team

Streator, Ill., Lodge, No. 591, recently added 21 new members to its rolls, the class being initiated by the national championship Ritualistic Team of Lincoln, Ill., Lodge, No. 914. There have been a few changes in the Team's personnel since it won championship honors at the Denver Convention. Edwin C. Mills, who was the Esteemed Leading Knight, is now Exalted Ruler of Lincoln Lodge. The Team lived up to its reputation, giving a letter-perfect performance in impressive style. Additional initiatory work was carried out by a group from Pontiac, Ill., Lodge, No. 1019.

More than 150 Elks attended the meeting. A fine cafeteria lunch was served.

Seguin Lodge Holds Meeting for Elks of Southern Texas

An interesting meeting was held by Seguin, Tex., Lodge, No. 1229, recently in honor of Elks residing in Southern Texas. A total number of 126 members of the Order were present, Houston, Brenham, El Paso, Austin and San Antonio, Tex., Lodges being represented. Guests were also present from San Juan, P.R., and Nashville, Tenn., Lodges. Four Exalted Rulers, Ben A. White, Houston, H. D. Pruett, Austin, G. H. Huettig, Brenham, and William B. Blanchet, San Antonio, were honor guests.

Highlights of the evening were addresses by the District Deputy for Texas South—Harry A. Nass of San Antonio, and P.E.R. John A. Baxter of Nashville. Mr. Baxter is a veteran Elk, having been an active member for 40 years. Refreshments were served. This was one of the first intercity meetings in the State on so large a scale and one of the most enjoyable.

Rutland Veterans' Hospital Aided by Massachusetts Lodges

One of the major activities of the Mass. State Elks Assn. is the work carried on by the Association's Rutland Veterans' Hospital Committee. A series of entertainment programs given during the winter is being continued through the spring. The programs consist of vaudeville, minstrel and dramatic shows, moving pictures and musicales of a high type. The Lodges of Massachusetts and individual Elks as well have

made many gifts to the patients ranging from presents such as games, pipes, tobacco, candy, thousands of packages of cigarettes, etc., to canoes, pool and billiard tables and outfits of clothing.

A personal interest in the veterans' welfare is taken by the State Committee, the members of which are E.R. John J. Murray, P.E.R.'s L. N. Charrier and Rodney F. Poland, and R. F. Pelletier, Fitchburg; P.E.R.'s George Connors, D.D., and James M. Buck, Clinton; E.R. Sydney T. Harvey, Leominster; P.E.R. Edward J. O'Rourke, Worcester; E.R. Raymond Levesque, Gardner; Kenneth J. Prue, Maynard, and Joseph P. Whalen, Springfield. The Committee has received valuable assistance from Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and James R. Nicholson, Past State Pres., both of whom are Past Exalted Rulers of Springfield Lodge, and from Pres. William B. Jackson and the officers of the State Assn.

Howard R. Davis Honored by His Lodge, Williamsport, Pa.

P.E.R. Howard R. Davis, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, was given a testimonial banquet recently by his Lodge, Williamsport, Pa., No. 173. Including local members, 300 Elks were in attendance, Bloomsburg, Bellefonte, Sunbury, Danville, Milton and Jersey Shore Lodges being represented. The banquet was given in recognition of outstanding service rendered by Mr. Davis during his 28 years of membership. Particularly valuable has been his work in the direction of a State-wide membership drive which resulted in a ten per cent increase, and in directing advances in student aid activities. Mr. Davis is a Past Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn. and a P.D.D.

Past State Pres. Max L. Lindheimer, P.E.R., was Toastmaster. Other speakers were State Pres. Grover C. Shoemaker, Bloomsburg; D.D. C. D. Keefer, Sunbury; E.R. Eugene Foresman, P.E.R.'s William J. Vannucci and Mayor Charles D. Wolfe, and Howard J. Lamade, Business Manager of *Grit* of which Mr. Davis is Managing Editor.

Acting for the Lodge, Mr. Foresman presented the guest of honor with a life membership. Mr. Vannucci made the announcement that an additional honor would be bestowed upon Mr. Davis on March 31 when the initiation of the "Howard R. Davis Class" will be held.

Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge Burns Its Last Mortgage Bonds

At its first 1938 meeting, Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge, No. 269, initiated 43 new members and burned the last of its mortgage bonds. The Lodge is now free of debt and justly proud of its record. Since 1933 it has paid off debts aggregating \$34,500 and interest amounting to \$7,024.02, and kept up current expenses.

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Party Visits Yuma, Ariz., Lodge

More than 200 members of Santa Monica Lodge No. 906 and of many other Lodges in the Southern California District boarded a special train recently to make a visitation to Yuma, Ariz., 300 miles distant. It was estimated that 100 more drove to Yuma in their own cars. The Santa Monica Elks, headed by E.R. P. P. Kinsman and his officers, took along their famous prize winning band and drill team, and the Huntington Park members were accompanied by their national championship drill team. Among the prominent representatives of the Lodges who made the trip were P.E.R. Sheriff Eugene W. Biscailuz, Santa Monica, who was the guest of honor at Yuma, D.D. George D. Hastings, Glendale, and P.D.D.'s C. P. Hebenstreit, Huntington Park, and Roscoe W. Burson, Ventura.

The train left Los Angeles at 7:30 A. M., arrived in Palm Springs, Calif., at noon where the bands gave a concert, and arrived at Yuma at 3 P. M. The party was met by a committee of Elks and their ladies, taken by bus to the Home of Yuma Lodge No. 476, where registration took place, and then escorted to the starting point of the parade, one of the largest ever held in the city. A marching body of about 600 Elks participated and there were many attractive floats. A barbecued dinner was served later on the grounds of the Elks Home. A fiesta in the evening provided plenty of entertainment and dancing lasting until train time—2 A. M. This was one of the longest distances traveled and one of the most unique visitations ever made by a group of California Elks for the purpose of enjoying a holiday get-together at a Lodge in an adjoining State.

Rochester, N. Y., Elks Initiate 75 on District Deputy Night

Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, initiated a class of candidates and received an official visit from D.D. Albert Kleps, Jr., at one of the largest meetings it has held in years. Three hundred Rochester Elks attended and Mr. Kleps was accompanied by 35 Batavia members, his official escort being P.E.R. Judge George W. Babcock. Many District Lodges were represented. The "Frank M. Miller 100 Club Class" of 75 members was initiated at the meeting. The "100 Club," organized by P.E.R. Frank M. Miller, is doing a splendid job in building up the already large membership, and in addition to 100 new applications, has brought in 62 reinstatements and eight reaffiliations.

Before the meeting the District Deputy was honored at a dinner attended by the local officers and Past Exalted Rulers. A buffet supper was served to the members and guests after the Lodge session.

Men Do Appreciate Finer Taste

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ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER.. **"Camels agree with me"**